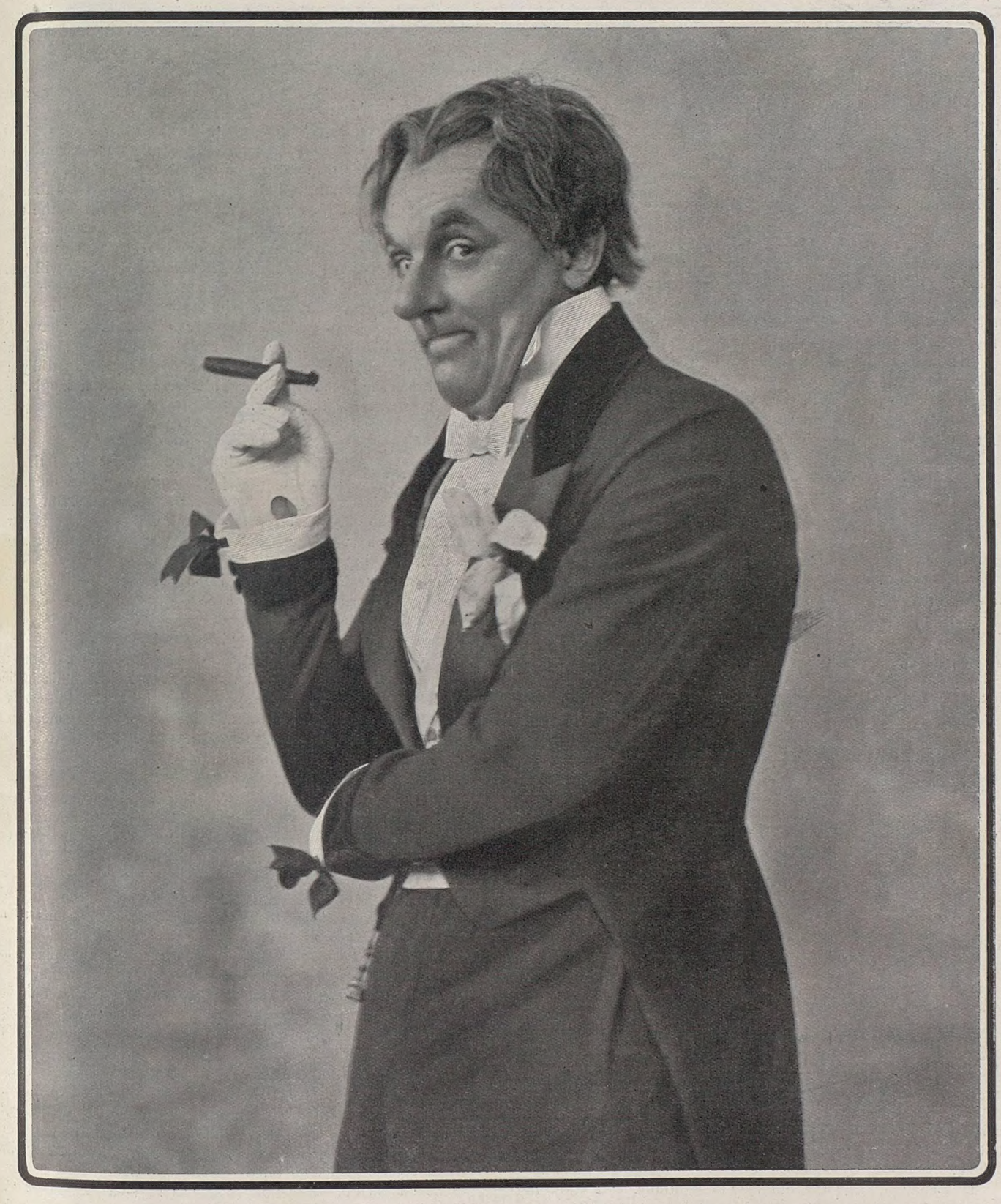
The Sketch

No. 788.—Vol. LXI. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1908. SIXPENCE.



AFTER THE HORSE HAD WAGGED AN ADMONISHING TAIL: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS BARON POPOFF IN THE MAXIM'S SCENE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW."

BARON P.: I did not rush in here, Sir; I crept in. I came in a beastly cab—one of those horses with a sort of admonishing, bald tail—one of those tails that seem to say, "You should not go there, you should not go there."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



Touchy Nature.

"Well met, dear Dame Nature!" I cried.

"Met!" The old lady's sniff was eloquent of scorn. "I've been near enough to you all the time, had you had the eyes to see me. But that's just the way with the sons of women; put on your dull clothes and they pass you by; smarten up a little and they throw you a nod; rustle as you walk and they condescend to smile; flash silk and gew-gaws at them and they run to meet you, hat in hand! Pah!"

"Anyway," said I, noticing that the inside edge of her cloak was tipped with a delicate green, "I congratulate you on your charming new costume."

Hardly were the words out of mouth than the Dame drew the garment tightly around her, completely hiding the decorative addition. As she did so, the sky became suddenly overcast, a bitter wind, sweeping round the corner, chilled me to the very marrow, and my cheeks were stung with a shower of sleet.

"Hi! Steady on! This is going a bit too far!"

"Serves you right! You know that I am not to be trifled with at this time of the year. Will you apologise? Quick!"

"Yes, yes! Anything you like!"

The skies cleared, the wind dropped, and the folds of the cloak relaxed.

People Who Amuse Her.

I led the way to a bench. Fearful lest I might again offend, I chose a sheltered one.

"There are several small matters," I said, "upon which I have been anxious to obtain your opinion."

"Modest of you, I'm sure! Then, after all, you don't think you know everything?"

"Don't imitate the others," I begged. (The old lady acknowledged the justice of the retort with a sideways grin.) "Tell me. Somebody has been saying that unselfishness may be exaggerated to the point of criminality. Is there anything in that, do you think?"

"Of course there is! Have you never been taught my first commandment—self-preservation?"

"Yes, but I have also been taught that we ought to rise superior to that law."

The Dame cackled. "You pretty simpleton! Aren't you tired yet of trying to rise superior—as you call it—to my laws? Most of you have a go at it, some time or another. You call yourselves intellectual, and dress badly, and give up meat and beer. Makes me scream, it does! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And People Who Make Her Sad.

"To get back to selfishness," I suggested.

Her merriment died down in a series of convulsive snorts. Then she dried her eyes with the corner of her cloak, and seemed much refreshed.

"Not selfishness—self-preservation," she corrected. "Don't you see, my well-meaning ass, that the more unselfish you are the more you encourage and foster the selfishness of others? Play the game fairly, but play it hard—that's the guiding rule of life. Never give up anything you want if you can keep it without feeling mean."

"But some people don't know how to feel mean. They're lacking in the finer sensibilities. They'd snatch a crust from the hand of a starving child if they thought it would be of any use to them."

"True enough," said the old lady thoughtfully. "I know the sort of people you are thinking of; I know them all by their names. They are my outcasts. They have spurned me so often that I have deserted them. They have tried to do without me in their businesses, believing that I would still visit them in their homes. But I don't; that is my way of punishing them. Their homes are sunless; you cannot illumine a house with the few rays that you catch in a golden mirror."

The Dame's Bitter Burden.

"Do you never forgive them—never return to them?"

"Sometimes, but never in the days of their prosperity. One near and dear to them may be stricken down; they may lose their own health, or their reason, or their eyesight. They may be lying on a bed of death. Then, if they call to me, as they generally do, I go to them, and do my best to soothe them. But I can never be as near to them as to those who have not spurned me. The gap cannot be bridged over. Love, you know, is a delicate plant. You cannot check it and cherish it at will. It is the same with obedience to my laws. I, the greatest force in the world, never quite relent, never quite forgive. I may not. That is my burden. No man could bear such a burden. Many have tried and failed. I bear it, but the weight bends my back. That is why I am always stooping. . . . You never guessed my secret, did you?"

And thus she rounded off her little sermon with a laugh. For that is ever Dame Nature's way.

The March of Civilisation!

"Here," I said, changing the tone of the conversation in reply to her change of mood, "is another little matter about which I am anxious to consult you. A writer has said, 'Tell a woman she is clever, and she jumps at the conclusion that you do not think she is beautiful.' Is that true?"

"There is truth in it," the old lady admitted, "although, like most out-and-out statements of the kind, it goes too far."

"Can you explain why a woman should be annoyed if you tell her she is clever instead of telling her she is beautiful?"

"Easily. A woman instinctively desires to appeal to the eye first, the emotions second, and the intellect third. This instinct dates from the time when the appeal to the eye was the woman's only chance of getting a bone out of the pot with some meat on it. In the Stone Age, you know, they didn't throw tit-bits to the old women, however wise they might be."

"But in these enlightened days——"

The Dame looked at me slyly from the corners of her eyes.

"In these enlightened days," she said, "the old women and the plain women dip into the pot for themselves. That's just as far as you've got."

Brains in the Window.

"Speaking for myself," mused the old lady, "cleverness is a quality which seems to me of small importance. Genius is another thing. It is rather like lightning. It cuts about all over the place, and makes a grand show and a fine noise. Also, it occasionally serves to illumine a dark place. But genius is dangerous stuff to play with, and generally begins by killing those from whom it emanates. Cleverness, on the other hand, is just an ordinary brain working overtime and working in public. It reminds me of those engines that are set going in a shop-window for advertisement. People who don't understand it stop and gape at it, and ask each other how it's done, and feel very grateful for the free show. But an engineer passing by recognises a poor line of goods and deplores the cheap-jack taste that prompted the silly display. . . . But, there! I can't stop here all day chattering nonsense with you."

"One moment! Somebody else has said—a lady—that 'We differ, blind and seeing, one from the other, not in our senses, but in the use we make of them.' That's clever, isn't it?"

"Very," said the Dame. "By the way, I haven't the least idea what it means."

MAJOR OR MINOR SUCCESS? WHAT DO THE CARDS SAY?



MISS GERTIE MILLAR, WHO IS TO BE THE HEROINE OF "A WALTZ DREAM," CONSULTS THE FATES.

"A Waltz Dream," which is expected to rival "The Merry Widow" in popularity, is due for production at the Hicks on Saturday next. Both Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. George Grossmith jun. leave the Gaiety for the time being to play in it. Miss Millar is to appear as Franzi Steingruber, directress of a ladies' orchestra; while also in the cast, in addition to Mr. Grossmith, will be Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Robert Evett, Miss Phyllis Beadon, and Miss Mary Grey. To add to the interest of our page, we show in the border playing-cards and the meanings the fortune-tellers attach to them.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

TWIN STARS, BUT—ARE THEY REALLY ALIKE?



MISS MAIE ASH AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS, IN WHOM SOME SEE A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE WHEN THEY ARE ON THE STAGE.

There are many who see in Miss Maie Ash when she is in Miss Ellaline Terriss's part in "The Gay Gordons" a remarkable resemblance to Miss Terriss herself. It is said, indeed, that members of the Aldwych audience, not having looked at the programme, have left the theatre on days upon which Miss Ash was playing Peggy in the belief that they have seen Miss Terriss. That our readers may be able to judge of the likeness between the two actresses we here contrast their portraits. The first photograph shows Miss Terriss; the second, Miss Ash; the third, Miss Terriss; and the fourth, Miss Ash.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

No. 335 IN THE EXHIBITION OF FAIR WOMEN.



THE IDEAL FRENCH TYPE: PORTRAIT DE MADAME DE MONTANDREY, BY GUSTAVE COURTOIS.

SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF FAIR WOMEN, AT THE NEW GALLERY.

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MARRIAGE.

WALKER—BACON. On Feb. 26, at the Parish Church, Wadhurst, Sussex, by the Ven. Archdeacon Scott, M.A., assisted by the Rev. L. C. Stevenson, M.A., Vicar, Bertram, youngest son of Richard Walker, of Marland, Swinton Park, Manchester, to Jane, youngest daughter of William Beadell Bacon, of Durgates Lodge, Wadhurst.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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SMALL TALK



STORY-TELLER TO THE PRINCES OF WALES: MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF SEA STORIES.

Mr. Bullen has been invited by the Prince and Princess of Wales to entertain the young Princes by telling them some of his sea stories, and he will visit York Cottage for this purpose. We need scarcely remind our readers that Mr. Bullen is the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

Photograph by Russell.



A BLIND MEMBER OF AMERICA'S PARLIAMENT: MR. THOMAS PRIOR GORE, WHO REPRESENTS OKLAHOMA.

Mr. Gore, who is blind, is the youngest member of the United States Senate, and represents the youngest State in the Union, Oklahoma. He began his working career as a boy of eleven, when he became a page in the Senate of his native State, Mississippi. Soon after that he lost his sight.

THE pen-name "Frank Danby" conceals the very attractive feminine personality of a brilliant lady who is the greatest living authority on colour prints, and whose books concerning her favourite hobby are published under her real name of Julia Frankau. This week sees the publication of "Frank Danby's" new novel, "The Heart of a Child," which, published nearly five years after "Pigs in Clover"—the leading literary sensation of 1902—seems likely to rival that book in popularity. As readers of her works are aware, "Frank Danby" is a keen student of humanity as seen under very varying aspects, and her heroine in "The Heart of a Child" is set among scenes differing as widely as do those connected with a great jam factory and with that Temple of Terpsichore, the Gaiety.



NOVELIST AND EXPERT ON COLOUR PRINTS: MRS. FRANKAU ("FRANK DANBY") WITH HER SON.

"Frank Danby's" new book, "The Heart of a Child," is due for publication this week.

Photograph by Langfier, Glasgow.

The Man of Action. Mr. Birrell might have been expected, after his illness, to find his energies sufficiently taxed with the duties of his office, but he is due to speak in Lambeth on Friday evening. It cannot be said that he does not practise what he preaches. He loves the man of action rather than the man of letters, or rather the man who combines action with literature. His enthusiasm does not go so far in this direction, perhaps, as that of Mr. Morley, but it goes far enough, and one rather wonders whether he himself was not the man of whom he tells in a merry little story. This man was taken by Mr. Birrell into a London police-court. He stood entranced as he heard the story of some ragamuffin's misdemeanours unfolded, heard the magistrate pass sentence, and saw the man led away. Mr. Birrell's friend went out, and bitterly grieved that he, too, was not a magistrate. "Hang my books!" he said. "When that beak sentences a poor devil for six weeks, to prison for six weeks he goes; but when I publish a book nothing happens." Was that the Irish Secretary himself, or his *alter ego*?



A DEVOTEE OF THE ART OF THE CAUSERIE: MLLE. SCIALTIEL, WHO IS "TALKING" ON "WOMAN AND POETRY."

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Mademoiselle Scialtiel. Owing, perhaps, to the energetic efforts of Dr. Emil Reich, smart society now enjoys nothing so well as the afternoon causerie type of entertainment. The latest, and so far the most successful, feminine exponent of the art is pretty, fascinating Mlle. Scialtiel, who is about to draw brilliant audiences during each Thursday in March to the Salle Erard, where she will discourse in French on "Woman and Poetry." This young Anglo-French lady comes from Paris, where she was the favourite pupil of a famous actress belonging to the Théâtre Français. She recited before the King of Spain on the occasion of his Majesty's last visit to England, and has won the suffrages of other royal personages.

Illicit Love and Bogus Fire. A fire-escape before now has played a part in divorce; but never, we fancy, the whole brigade. This is just what happened in Paris, that city of pleasant surprises. A worthy citizen, a merchant, received, a few days ago, an anonymous letter informing him of his wife's infidelity. With his wife's name was coupled that of one of his friends. Of course, if it had been in English melodrama, the husband would have promptly read the letter to the denounced wife. But being Gallic, he just bided his time and watched. Evidently mutual trust was not the rock upon which he had built up the marriage edifice. And so he watched. As a result of lynx-like sharpness, he discovered that the errant lady and the friend had taken up temporary quarters in a hotel. How to get evidence? that was the point—evidence of the sort that a French court will insist on having before it grants divorce. He hit upon a brilliant scheme. He rang the fire-alarm, and, in the space of a few minutes, the helmeted brigade arrived. Leading the way to the room where the guilty couple were, he indicated it as the seat of the outbreak. They burst open the door, and discovered — a conflagration of love. That is just what the husband wanted. He got his evidence.

A Welsh Engagement. Of interest to Welsh folk is the forthcoming marriage of Miss Gwendolen F. Wynn to Dr. Lloyd Roberts, the son of the Dean of Bangor. The bridegroom-elect shares his distinguished father's patriotic feelings towards the Principality, and gallant little Wales will muster in strength at the wedding.



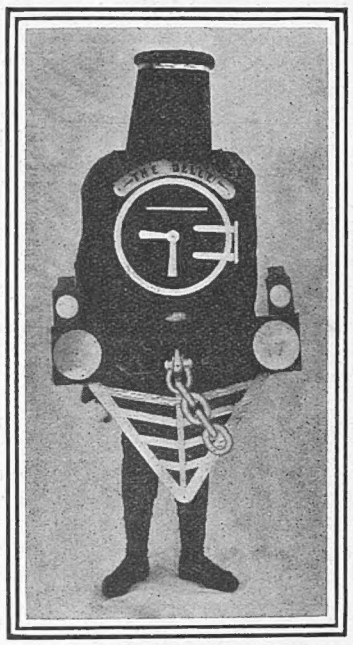
ENGAGED TO THE DEAN OF BANGOR'S SON: MISS GWENDOLEN F. WYNN, WHO IS TO MARRY DR. LLOYD ROBERTS.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.

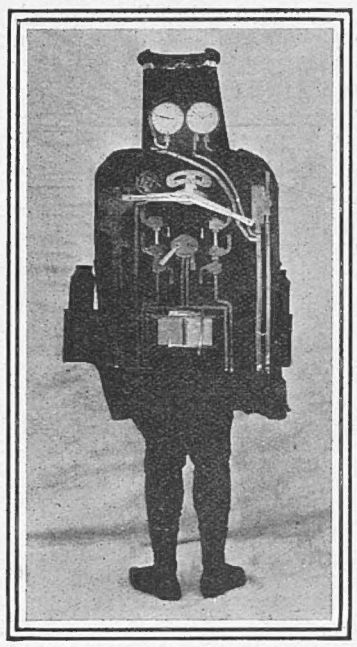
THE CLUBMAN

Tame Burglars—Early Rising—The Kings of Carnival.

Is the tame burglar to be the pet of the season in drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms? For many years the reformed criminal has been the sensational speaker at Salvation Army meetings, but now it looks as though Dr. Wilson were going to make him known to a very much wider public. The reformed burglar whom Dr. Wilson is going to introduce to his colleagues is, of course, quite reformed, and his brain—as capable as that of any Prime Minister—will in future only work for the good of his fellow-creatures; but if the pet burglar becomes a craze, as he very well may, all the reformed characters may not be quite as reformed as they seem. It would be horribly awkward if a converted criminal who had been the pet cat about some great house suddenly relapsed into criminality, for he would know all about the burglar-alarms and where my lady kept her jewels when she was away from home.



The Front View.



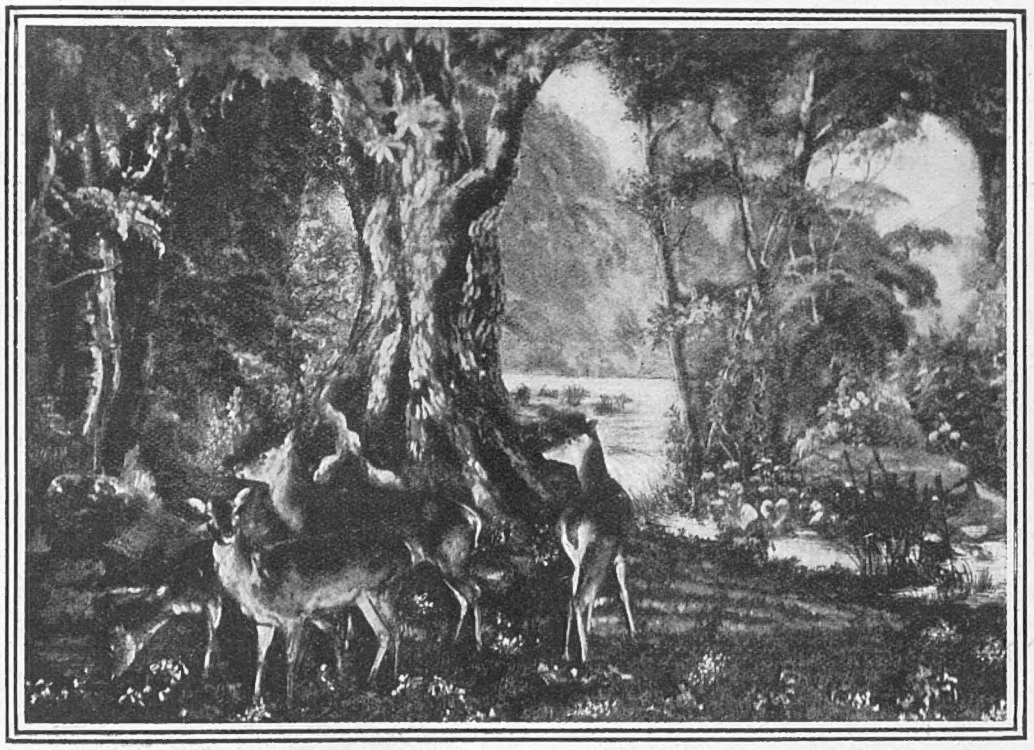
The Back View.

A WALKING RAILWAY-ENGINE: A NOVEL FANCY DRESS.

The dress, which was worn by a railway man, was seen recently at a fancy-dress ball in Bombay.

One of the subjects of discussion which seem in special favour just at present is whether getting up early is a healthy habit or not. The *Daily Express* started the question, and it has proved one about which everybody has something to say. The club bore who generally stops one in the hall of a club and asks one how one is, with the sole intention of getting an opportunity to recount all his ailments and their symptoms and what the doctor says about them, has now quite a new opening gambit in a question as to the hour at which one rises. This leads to a statement on his part as to the hour at which *he* rises, why he rises at that hour, whether he has a hot or cold bath, and the reason for his habit in this matter, what razor he uses, and what he eats for breakfast.

My share in the argument is always a very meagre one. I get up early if I have much work of any kind to do, and I write in the quiet hours of the morning, before breakfast. If I have little work to do, I lie in bed till eight or nine, and like doing so. When I am in England, I eat a solid British breakfast, and enjoy it. When I am in France, I eat my *petits pains* and drink my coffee, and do not feel that I want anything more. During the many years I carried a sword I was generally up not long after sunrise, and in India often before the dawn, and no one ever told me that I showed any signs of insanity, which some of the doctors say is the penalty of rising too early.



REAL DEER ON THE STAGE: A NOVEL SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE QUEEN'S, MANCHESTER.

Real deer add considerably to the general effect of the forest scene of "As You Like It," at the Queen's, Manchester, and have proved themselves most tractable actors. The same scene boasts a real waterfall.—[*Photograph by Percy Guttenberg.*]

Lent has come, and the Kings of Carnival all over Europe are now resting for a while in the temporary palaces set up for them, having only one or two more occasions for greeting their loyal subjects before their loyal subjects make bonfires of them at Easter. At Nice the carnival this year has been distinguished from the thirty-five which have been previously celebrated by the really splendid illuminations of the Place Masséna, where King Carnival XXXVI. has his temporary home. At the spot where the big avenue runs into the square there is an arch with an illuminated dove perched on it, which is the most gorgeous thing of its kind ever seen on the Riviera. At Cannes the King is housed on the Albert Edward Jetty. He is not a very noble King this year, being a nondescript individual riding on a railway-engine, which is supposed to typify the new daylight express train from Paris. At Mentone the King of the revellers is a "spotsman," riding on a diabolo spool and surrounded by geese.

The weather was kinder to the people of the Riviera than it has been to us, and they danced round their Kings in warmth and sunshine. The powers of dancing possessed by these people of the South have always astonished me. The masquers—the escort on foot of the King, who are serving-wenches and cooks and errand-boys and shop-assistants for the most part—hop from foot to foot from the start of the procession to the final housing of King Carnival at night. On the great decorated cars the masquers dance only when the band belonging to the car plays; but the musicians are never given more than a minute or two of rest, and the dancers, instead of hopping, as the general crowd do, are expected to kick with energy. It is curious to see one of these cars at the end of a day. The bandsmen are dead tired and the cornet gives uncertain squeaks; the men dancers on the car are also utterly done, and their dancing consists of shaking one leg; but the girls, though they have endured the heat and burden of the day just as much as the men have done, still make an effort and kick vigorously, though not with all the energy they showed in the morning. I do not know whether the point has ever been made by the lady suffragists who claim equal rights with man, but there is no doubt that woman can always dance man to a standstill. The proof of that can be seen any day in any ball-room, for at three a.m. the dancing-men are limp creatures, while the ladies have not turned a hair.

THE ART OF HUSTLING: MAKING MONEY BY SAVING TIME.

APROPOS OF THE BUSINESS EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.



1. THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN READS HIS LETTERS WHILE IN THE BARBER'S HANDS— 2. CONTINUES TO READ WHILE BEING MANICURED—
3. WRITES WHILE HIS BOOTS ARE BEING POLISHED — 4. AND CONDUCTS STILL FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE WHILE THE BARBER IS AGAIN BUSY.

The American business man is nothing if not a hustler, sometimes by profession, more often in actuality. The chief of the hustlers have developed a new trait. Arguing that time is money, they are determined to have yet greater chances of dollar-hunting by working while they are in the hands of barber, manicurist, or bootblack. Both the employer and the employed find the method profitable.

Photographs by the P.-J. Press Bureau.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"FIDO"—"THE LORD OF LATIMER STREET"—"LADY BARBARITY."

"FIDO" appears likely to become a kind of répertoire piece at the Playhouse. The series of matinees did not exhaust the popularity of Mrs. Eva Anstruther's adaptation of "Médor," and the present restricted run probably will leave enough life in it for another innings. It is too much of a mixture of styles to be considered as of great dramatic value, but serves excellently as a medium for the acting of such very popular players as Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery, both of whom have capital parts, which suit them admirably. Mr. C. V. France, is rather wasted on the character of Charles, which he certainly represents very well. Miss Madge Titheradge and Miss Polly Emery complete the cast usefully.

"The Lord of Latimer Street" is, I believe, Mr. Hueffer's first play, and is certainly very promising, but not altogether satisfactory. It is curiously unconvincing, and this the more because some of the scenes are quite strong and lifelike. One feels that his picture of the East-Enders is not founded on knowledge, or if it is that he has taken unreasonable liberties with his characters—that, in fact, the people of the play are merely as true to life as is consistent with a plot which the author is unable or unwilling to modify to suit any developments. Yet it was announced as presenting a realistic study of labour life. No doubt one ought not to blame plays because they do not live up to the preliminary "pars"; indeed, the experienced playgoer does not anticipate that they will do so; to expect this would be as rash as to assume that the hoarding-posters of a popular drama will be realised. The pity is that in this case there is not even a fair compromise between the real and the ordinary conventional; but we have streaks of both, the latter predominating. Yet Mr. Madox Hueffer has some courage, and in one passage at least it is well rewarded. For the scene in which Mrs. Reeves tries to persuade her virtuous husband that it is better for their dear daughter Tilda—a factory-girl—to be the mistress of the "toff" whom she loves than to marry such a person as Mr. Alf Jenkins, the cowardly young hooligan who courts her honourably but has a very precarious livelihood, is ably written and moved the audience. It must be added that it was admirably acted by Miss Elsie Chester, and also by Mr. Robert Pateman, two very able players, whom we have not had the pleasure of seeing lately as often as all critical playgoers wish.



THE NEWEST STAR: MISS CLARA EVELYN, UNDERSTUDY OF MISS LILY ELSIE, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS AT THE PALACE.

Miss Evelyn was understudying Miss Lily Elsie, and a few days ago appeared in that lady's part with much success. Immediately, she was engaged for the Palace, where she has been singing songs to her own accompaniment. Large audiences have received her very favourably.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

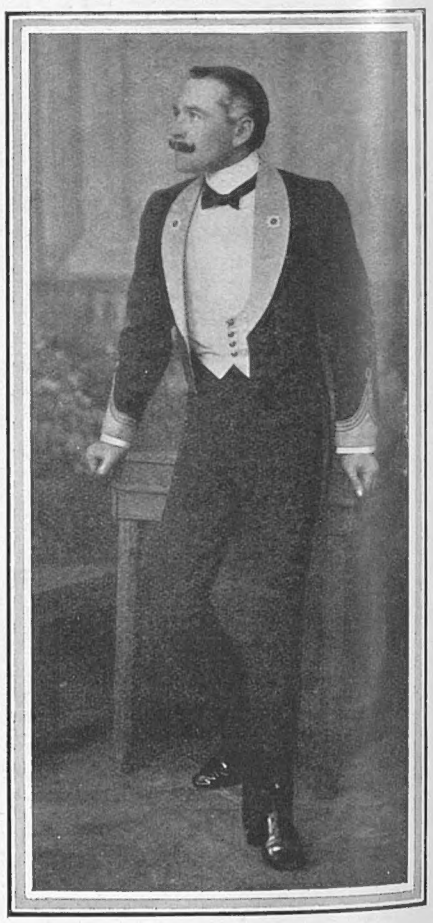
It is a rash thing for a dramatist to present a long play in which several of the chief characters have to talk in a dialect throughout—a fact which necessarily handicaps the players seriously. Upon Miss Nina Boucicault not only was there the burden of a character necessarily very heavy, but, in addition, she had to use a Cockney dialect which, according to the demands of the play, had to be thicker in some scenes than others. Whether her dialect was quite correct I do not know; if it was, then the dialect of Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who delighted the audience by his clever acting as the hooligan, was not. Perhaps it does not matter. After all, one cannot get very close to the truth in such a matter, since Cockney speech is not merely a matter of accent, but also of the use of vigorous phrases that can hardly be uttered on the stage. Miss Boucicault certainly acted very well, and clung stoutly to her dialect, but it is a weakness in the play that, despite her personal charm, it seems throughout incredible that the young Earl can have fallen in love with her, even though she is an expurgated specimen of the factory-girl. It is curious that the author failed to see this and did not give a different conclusion to his work. For it was quite possible for him to find an ending not more cruel than that which he has adopted, but far more truthful. In reality, the play is one more instance of the triumph of the theatre over a dramatist not strong enough or brave enough to fight against its distorting influence. Mr. Hueffer seems to have peeped at life through the proscenium arch.

"Lady Barbarity" is one of the best of the romantic dramas, and rattles on gaily enough from beginning to end—or almost to the end. One would sooner have a single original Carton comedy than a dozen adapted costume pieces by him; but the inevitable has to be accepted, and even he must dance in chains and use the plot and persons of someone else. His lively, picturesque piece gives Miss Marie Tempest the chance of her career, and no doubt the Comedy Theatre will be crowded for a long time by playgoers anxious to see the piquant actress in wonderful gowns, now flirting gaily, now pleading anxiously, sometimes frivolous and at others deeply in earnest, and always clever and capable of holding the house when showing the heroic efforts of Lady Barbarity to save her Jacobite sweetheart and cheat her Hanoverian lover. The latter was ably represented by Mr. Aynesworth; while Mr. Graham Browne acted very skilfully as the Jacobite, and carried out very well the humours of his disguise in female costume—of which simple humours we had rather more than enough. Mr. J. H. Barnes played the father as effectively as could be; and Miss Dora Barton was charming as my lady's maid.



ON TOUR IN AN IRENE VANBRUGH PART: MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON, WHO IS PLAYING NINA IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



ACTOR AND MANAGER: MR. HERBERT SLEATH AS THE EARL OF KERHILL IN "A WHITE MAN," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

DECORATIVE DRINK—PACE MR. ASQUITH.



YET ANOTHER LURE: DECANTERS OF EXTRAORDINARY DESIGN.

Mr. Asquith and his colleagues will regret to learn that there has been invented yet another method of luring people into the purchase of strong waters, no less fascinating a thing than the "art" bottle. Of some of these new bottles we give illustrations. It will be noted that the bust-bottles (no joke is intended) in the centre are designed to hold such things as curacoa and anisette.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"GENEVIÈVE DE BRABANT."
By MM. Crémieux and Tréfu.
Théâtre des Variétés.

It was not the fault of Geneviève de Brabant that her husband, Duke Sifroy, had no son and heir. The good citizens of Brabant wanted an heir to the ducal throne, and they were so keen and so sure that there was going to be one before long that they advertised in the "Brabançonne Express" for a nurse. As this is an operetta of which the music is by Offenbach, it was obviously necessary for a large crowd of handsome young ladies to respond. Among them was Dame Biscotte, and she, besides her planturous personality, as the French say, had a plan—which also begins with a "p." But it didn't end there. It ended in a wicked little devil of a pastry-cook whose name was Drogan, who took the cake for impudence. Dame Biscotte had come to the conclusion that there was very little fun to be got out of being nurse to the Duchess of Brabant unless there was a ducal Brabantling (kindly accept my apologies for this). I suppose that morals in those days were not as austere as your morals and mine, Madame la Lectrice. And Dame Biscotte thought, in that simple peasant mind of hers, that a good-looking young pastry-cook like Drogan might very possibly succeed where Duke Sifroy had failed. I don't believe that the Censor himself could object to the delicate way in which this is expressed. Geneviève is a tall and willowy lady, with long hair and mediæval manners. I don't suggest by this that she is middle-aged exactly. But she is one of those pretty ladies who love to pass their slender fingers through the curly locks of a young man of nineteen, and, with an affectation of the weight of years, to sigh and blush and smile self-consciously, and say that they might be his mother, and that he is a comely youth, i' faith—*you* know!

The little pastry-cook had brought with him a pasty which was to give the Duke Sifroy another lease of youth. But the Duke's youth lasted but a little while. Much to the disgust of Golo and Narcisse, plotters within the palace, who intended to seize the ducal throne when it became clear that there was not to be a Dukelet, Geneviève declares that she is going to turn over a new leaf in her married life. She does not do so—at least, not with the Duke's help. She takes a new page into it instead. The new page is young Master Drogan, who, little ruffian, whispers, "Oh, merçi, Madame!" and kisses the Duchess in the middle of the fluffy little ringlets at the back of her neck. This, as the old-time novelists say, throws Geneviève into delightful confusion. At this moment the Duke, in indifferent health, a bit of a temper, and a yellow silk dressing-gown, enters the apartment. "Ha!" he says in his ducal manner, "H'm!" and sends for Golo. He is a little bit annoyed is the Duke, because punishment of the page will not afford him any definite proof, when the time comes, that the son of the house is a genuine Brabantling. If he could only stay at home and see to things himself he would not mind so much. But he has a pressing engagement with his friend Charles Martel, with whom he has promised to spend a week-end or so at that indefinite place called "The Wars," to which mediæval chieftains were so fond of going.

He therefore tells Golo to look after things and not let the gas-bill run up too much while he is away, gives him full powers, and goes away to shoot big game—Saracens, I think it was, or maybe Spaniards.

Golo immediately assumes the crown, sends Master Drogan off to play marbles in a damp and dreary dungeon, puts his arm round Geneviève's willowy waistband, calls her his Jennydiddums then, and gets his ears boxed. When the Brabantling comes, however, Golo has his revenge, ha! ha! in the approved manner, and sends his Jennydiddums to the stake. But she doesn't like either stakes or the cold, hard chop of the headsman's cutlet—or is it cutlass? What I mean is axe, in any case. Geneviève, with Drogan's help (he has got out of prison), flies to the forest, hides in a cave, and lives there in peace and a most becoming costume of rags and autumn-leaves. Fortunately, there was no winter scene in the forest. Because there were very few rags.

Wandering about the woods in quest of an extra leaf or two for Sunday, Geneviève meets the fairy Isoline. The fairy, in spite of her rather greasy name, or perhaps because of it, is a lady of much penetration. And she tells Geneviève that her husband, the Duke, has not gone to "The Wars" at all. He is spending his time looking on the wine when it is red, wreathing his wicked old head with rose-garlands, and generally having no end of a beanfeast in the Gardens of Armide, a lady who belongs to the oldest profession in the world. "There!" says the fairy, Vase-Isoline, "there is your chance, my dear." And Geneviève takes it. The fairy provides her with a little lamb, and, mounted upon this (it was rough on the lamb), she tucks Baby Brabant under her left arm, calls on Miss Armide, insists on seeing the Duke, and asks him what sort of a case he thinks he is likely to have when his behaviour is told to a jury. "But—ahem—you?" says the Duke feebly, pointing to the babe. "Poppa!" says little Brab promptly; and Geneviève, with as much dignity as the falling leaves of her costume permit, says that everybody knows that Drogan is her cousin on the mother's side, and that anyhow—and so forth. Of course the Duke caves in, and calls a cab. And they live happy ever after. But these things happened in the Middle Ages. In our time—oh, well, never mind!—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

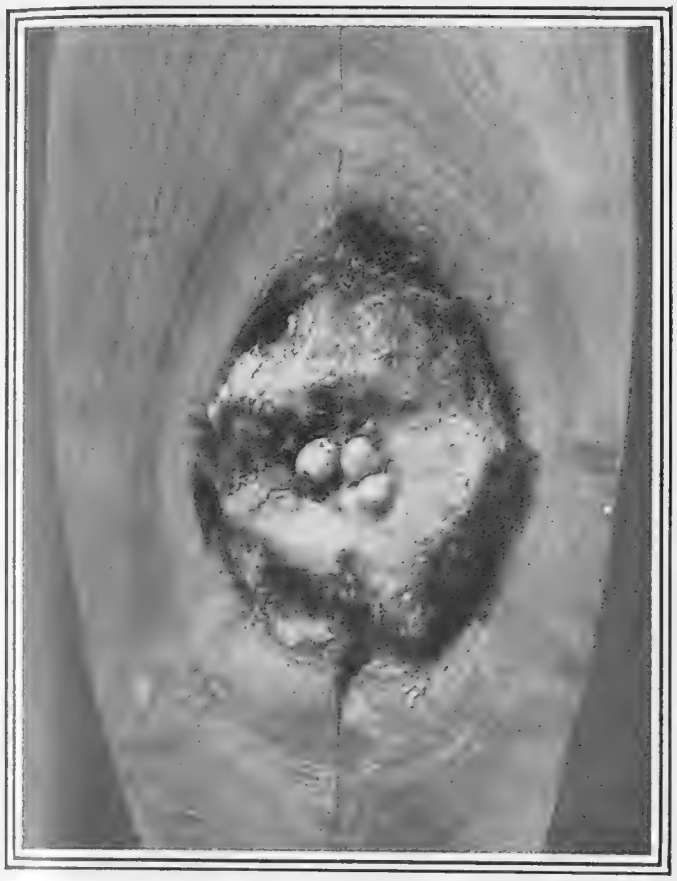


AN ANGLO-AMERICAN STAR À LA FRANÇAISE: MISS MAY DE SOUSA—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM PARIS.

Miss De Sousa, who is appearing at the Moulin Rouge, is, we know, busy learning French. That she has already succeeded in becoming French in appearance is made obvious by our photograph.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A BIRD'S-NEST BURIED IN WOOD A FOOT THICK.

The nest was found in the middle of a large stick of elm timber, and was revealed while the stick was being sawn up. It had evidently belonged to some wrens, who had entered the tree-trunk by a small hole, which had become closed by the growth of the tree. When the nest was found it had over a foot of sound timber all round it, and the eggs were intact.

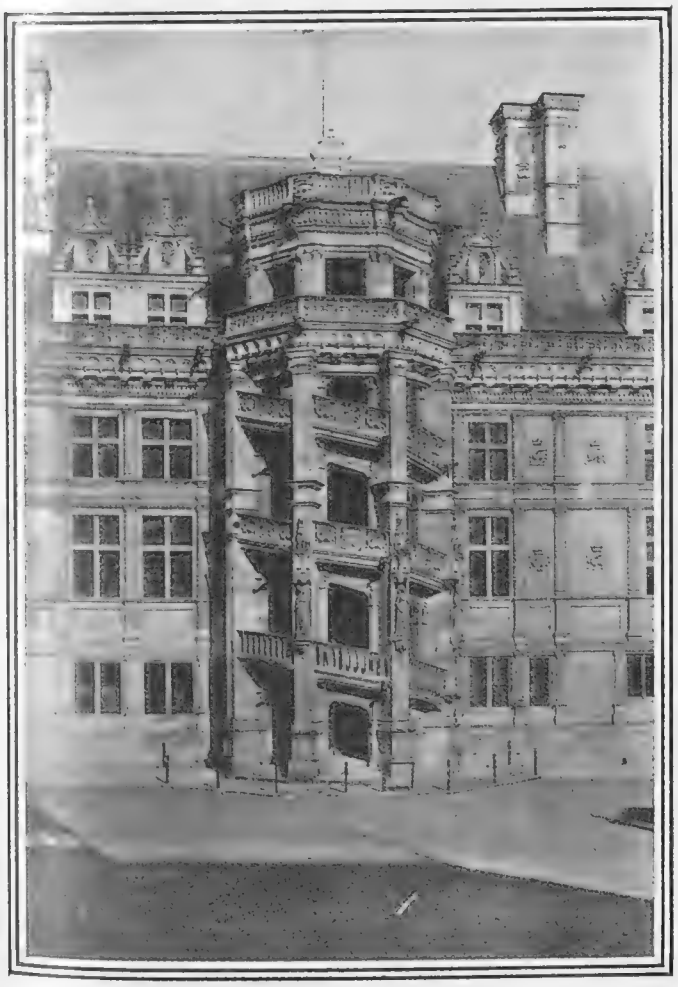
Photograph by Moss.



NOT THE NEW MOON; MERELY A TENNIS-BALL.

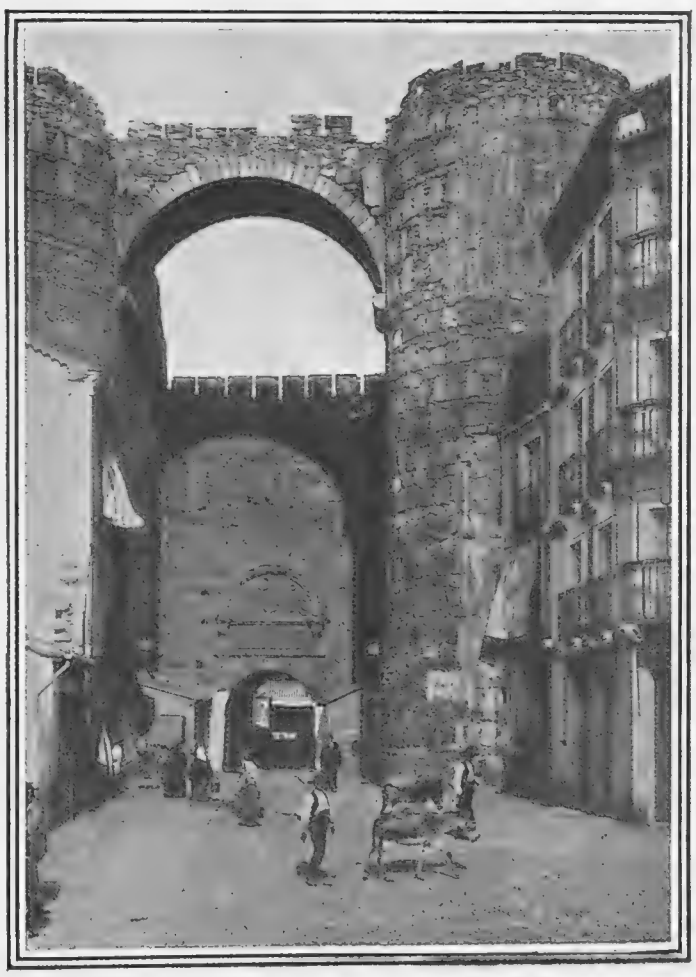
Our illustration shows yet another of those freak photographs of which so many amateurs and professionals are fond, and it is an excellent example of its class. As we have already noted, the object photographed is not, as it would seem, the new moon, but a tennis-ball lighted by magnesium wire and then snapshotted. The result is certainly both curious and effective

Photograph by Collins.



ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE STAIRCASES IN THE WORLD.

Our photograph shows the outside winding staircase of the Château de Blois, a freak of architecture due to the whim of Francis I. The château itself is a magnificent structure, but it is the staircase, which is richly adorned with sculpture, which most often calls the traveller's attention to the building.



A TOWN WHOSE INHABITANTS ARE TO EMIGRATE TO SOUTH AMERICA.

It is said that the inhabitants of Bejar, Spain, numbering some 9000 people, have decided to emigrate in a body to South America. The Presidents of Uruguay and Nicaragua have offered to send vessels for the people and to provide money with which they can erect spinning-mills in their Republics.

Crowns, Coronets & Courtiers



A SOCIETY SUFFRAGETTE: MISS UNA DUGDALE, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN DUGDALE, R.N.

Photograph by Thomson.



CLERGYMAN AND LIFEBOATMAN: THE REV. OWEN LLOYD WILLIAMS, CANON OF BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

BIARRITZ, the brilliantly sunny little town which may be said to have been created by the Empress Eugénie in the heyday of her happiness and popularity, is once more basking in the presence of a Sovereign. The French Government, however Republican its sentiments, knows the full value of a popular royal visitor, and the municipal authorities of any town honoured by a visit from Edward VII. make it their one business in life to see that his Majesty is made thoroughly comfortable. The fine hotel in which our King stays is built on the spot where was once the Villa Eugénie, and in the beautiful suite of rooms set aside for the Sovereign is much of the furniture which adorned the private apartments of the last Emperor and Empress of the French. One delightful feature of Biarritz is the fine roads, which enable exceptionally long motor drives to be taken in full security, and each afternoon of his holiday is spent by the King in making an excursion to some interesting spot in the neighbourhood.

Miss Hester Stanhope.

The present bearer of the name of one of the most noted Englishwomen of her time—Lady Hester Stanhope—has just distinguished herself in a way which would have delighted her adventurous ancestress. Last Thursday (Feb. 27), at the Kingsway Theatre, "The Money-Grabber," an original satire in three acts, by Miss Hester Stanhope, was produced before an especially distinguished audience. Miss Stanhope, who is a daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanhope, is the eldest of three clever sisters, who are all noteworthy as following some form of art. "The Money-Grabber" was played by some of the leading amateurs of the day, including Lady Clarke-Jervoise, Miss Katherine Talbot, Major Oram, and Mr. Charles Thornton.



A SOCIETY WOMAN WHO SATIRISES SOCIETY: MISS HESTER STANHOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE MONEY-GRABBER."

Photograph by Thomson.

The Wife as Biographer.

Following in the footsteps of Mrs. Creighton, whose remarkable biography of the late Bishop of London may be truly said to have been an important addition to that branch of British literature, Lady Laura Ridding is about to write the Life of her distinguished husband. Lady Laura herself comes of a family famed in legal and literary annals, for she is a daughter of the first Lord Selborne, and at the time her marriage to the Headmaster of Winchester took place, her father was Lord Chancellor of England.

A Society Suffragette.

Woman's Suffrage has many fervent supporters among Society women, and a most accomplished recruit has been added to the cause in the person of Miss Una Dugdale, who is one of the most eloquent speakers the "Votes for Women" party now possess. Miss Dugdale, like her sister, Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, is also noted in the skating world, and she is an excellent amateur actress; but of late she has given up almost the whole of her spare time to political propaganda. She is a daughter of Captain Dugdale, R.N.

A Gallant Parson.

The Rev. Owen Lloyd Williams, who has just been appointed Canon and Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral, is quite a hero, one who has saved many lives on the rock-bound coasts of North Wales. The whole body of Welsh mariners once subscribed to give him a gold watch and chain, and, of course, he has received medals galore. His mother started the first lifeboat in North Wales, and nobly has he followed her example. All his curacies and livings have been seacoast parishes, and he has always commanded the local lifeboat. More than fifty years ago he saved twenty-four lives on the Anglesey coast, and since then he has richly earned his present preferment. The Bangor stalls are rather lean, being worth only £350 a year

Baroness Ramsay.

Quite a number of brilliant Americans have married high personages in Russia, and at the present moment one of the most sympathetic personalities at the Russian Court is the Baroness Ramsay, whose husband is Master of the Ceremonies to the Tsar. In spite of her Transatlantic birth, the Baroness has become very much attached to her adopted country, where, however, she has sometimes experienced some anxious moments. The chief of these was when the Baron represented the Emperor his master at the funeral of the Grand Duke Serge: it was generally believed that bombs would be thrown at the procession. The Baroness Ramsay, who has many friends in this country, pays an occasional flying visit to London, where she is very popular with the Diplomatic Corps.



BIOGRAPHER OF THE LATE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL: LADY LAURA RIDDING.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.



THE AMERICAN WIFE OF THE TSAR'S MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES: BARONESS RAMSAY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

THEIR BEAUTY SLEEP.



IV.—MISS ENID LEONHARDT, OF "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Rita Martin.

AFTER DINNER.

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Man in Sheep's Clothing.

In these days of rampant influenza, men's wear is not unimportant. It is demonstrable that, in the country, the lighter the clothing of the man on the move, the better his health. Town is quite a different story. As, for a variety of laudable purposes, there is nothing like leather, so here, apparently, there is nothing like wool. But you may not wear wool in any condition that you choose, for that means, not so much that you are going to the dogs, as that the dogs are coming to you. Huxley thought to brave convention when his health was low. He buried himself in a long, shaggy coat of undressed wool. From that hour he was a marked man, tracked by dogs of all sorts and sizes, in whom instinct leapt up and the hunting blood raced. They would circle round him and sniff, and bark inquiry, dissatisfaction, anger. Nobody but himself could imagine what possessed the brutes. Huxley knew. "They can't think why a creature that smells so like a sheep should walk on its hind-legs," he explained. It was a grief to him that he could not enlighten the minds of the puzzled tykes.

Land in the Boots.

Those hillmen against whom we are fighting ought to make first-class lawyers. They have the most ingenious minds. Moreover, they are born litigants, for whom the curse said to attend him that removeth his neighbour's landmark has no terrors. In a dispute over the possession of a field the two claimants walk the boundaries, each bearing in his hand a copy of the Koran and swearing for all he is worth that he is walking on his own land. According to the letter he is. If he is going to walk over his neighbour's land, and declare that he is on his own, he prepares for the difficulty. He puts a handful of dust from his own field into his boots, and walks away, swearing his story like a saint. This little trick is popular in the East. The Mikado is supposed not to quit a certain temple. He does leave it, but the welts of his boots are made up of its soil. The Shah of Persia may not leave Persian soil. He does not. When he comes to London he has always got a pinch of Teheran packed away in his shoes.

Supreme Renunciation.

Hunting people would find their hearts go out to that unhappy lady who, disappointed in love, renounced the chase and took to the life of a hermit in a mansion, whence she has just been transferred to an asylum. Earl Spencer, when in Ireland and girt about with secret foes who sought to destroy him, found in a wild gallop after hounds his only solace, the one relief from the misery and anxiety of a burdensome existence. The condition of mind of the person who renounces hunting for sentimental reasons has been inimitably drawn by Walter Bagehot in his essay on the Lord Althorp whom he knew. The latter, after the death of his wife, which was an almost insupportable blow, no more donned scarlet. "He gave up," says Bagehot, "not only society, which was no great trial, but also hunting, not because he believed it to be wrong, but because he did not think it seemly or suitable that a man, after such a loss, should be so very happy as he knew hunting would make him."



ALONE WITH THE CLOUDS: "DO THOU FLOURISH WHEN I PROSPER; PERISH WHEN I DIE."

Our photograph shows an old tree on the summit of Oaker Hill, near Matlock, Derbyshire, concerning which there runs a quaint legend. Three brothers who once lived near the spot are said to have each planted a tree on the crest of the hill before starting out into the world to seek their fortunes, and each said to the tree he had planted, "Do thou flourish when I prosper; perish when I die." For a time the three trees grew, and the three brothers prospered. Then, in a terrible storm one of the trees was stricken to the earth. The following winter the second succumbed to the icy blasts; and now this one only is left to battle with the wind. It has weathered each storm, it has grown strong and powerful, but it is left quite alone.—[*Photograph by W. Willoughby Price.*]

Crime and Collops.

If there were a thousandth part of the truth in spiritualism with which Rossetti credited it, he might ere this have been establishing relations with Scotland Yard to tell some son of Sherlock the true secret of the Druce-Portland mystery. The case is exactly one which would have interested him. He hated the newspapers, but when the Tichborne case was running he devoured every word published concerning the trial. The end of it was that he made a suggestion which, if acted upon, might have saved the Tichbornes a fair percentage of the £92,000 costs. "Let them," Rossetti said oracularly, when the case had reached an interesting stage, "let them have the carcase of an ox taken into court. Let the Claimant be brought forward and told that he must cut up that ox in the presence of the court and jury." The point was, had the Claimant been a butcher, as the family maintained? It would be seen at a glance whether he had or not. Unconsciously, he would hold the knife as no tyro could; unconsciously, he would set to the task of cutting up the carcase and betray himself at every slash he made. It is a meaty argument, and may be left to the consideration of Smithfield.

Paying the Piper.

At the time of writing, Raisuli, in his mantle white, has yet to make his first appearance on any stage. With the highest appreciation for the enterprise of the good man who seeks to bring him tamed and docile to the stage door of a West-End music-hall, one cannot but feel that a pinch of salt for a great auk's tail would be as successful in bringing one of those missing birds to London as this offer of a syndicate for Raisuli to come and make us tremble. But if the offer proved irresistible to the enterprising bandit, what would the European Concert say, and what, more particularly, would Sir Edward Grey say, he being now the sable gentleman's paymaster? Officially these shows are not liked. Many Londoners were supposed to feel enthusiastic over the engagement of the stoical piper who piped away at Dargai when his legs no longer could carry him. But the War Office did not approve.

A RISING YOUNG MAN.



MR. BLOGGS: That's my house, constable. What's he up to?
P.C. X 21: First floor, Sir.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

WHEN Mr. Lyn Harding was preparing for his latest part, in "The Admirable Crichton," on Monday evening, his mind may well have gone back to his first appearance on any stage, and the peculiar conditions under which it was made, to say nothing of the happy augury of his début for his future success. He happened to be travelling to Bristol one Sunday on the same train as a theatrical company. The manager got into conversation with him, and, when they reached their destination, suggested that his new-found acquaintance should help him out of a difficulty by playing the part of a servant the following evening. It was not an arduous task, for the character had only to say: "The Duke has arrived," and take off the stage a dish of fruit which was placed on a table. Mr. Lyn Harding readily consented. When he got down to the theatre in the evening he found that the livery he had to wear was made for a man smaller than himself. Still, as there was no other costume, he had to put it on. When he went on the stage, the serviette he carried on his arm fell, and, as he did not like to leave it on the floor, he stooped to pick it up. Unfortunately, his breeches were so tight that it was impossible for him to stoop so low, and ominous cracks reminded him that the seams of his garments were not too firm, and that persistence in his efforts might be disastrous. It was a case for strategy, so he stooped a little, first one way and then the other, in the vain attempt to accomplish his object without damage to his clothes. With each ineffectual endeavour, the audience roared with laughter. Standing in the wings, ready to make his entrance, was the low-comedian, who, naturally, saw his efforts being discounted by this unrehearsed effect which was having so great a success. "Leave the stage and come off," he whispered from the wings. That, however, was the one thing the novice felt he did not dare do. He persisted in his attempts to take up the serviette, to the increasing delight of the public. At last a happy idea struck him. He got one foot under the serviette, kicked it up in the air and caught it as it fell, a feat which drew enthusiastic applause, redoubled as the actor left the stage. As he reached the comedian he was received with a volley of abuse. The novice's cup of bitterness was full. Presently, however, the manager arrived in an ecstasy of delight. "That's one of the funniest things I've ever seen in my life," he cried. "Please do that business the rest of the week. It's great." It was not barren praise, for the manager attested his appreciation by advancing the actor's salary by thirty-three and a third per cent.: on the Saturday he gave him a pound instead of the fifteen shillings he had promised him.



MAN AS WOMAN: SIGNOR ARTURO BERNARDI IN ONE OF HIS MANY CHANGES.

Signor Bernardi is a quick-change artist of much ability, and it is his boast that he changes his clothes quicker than a woman changes her mind. He is giving his entertainment at the London Pavilion, and recently had the honour of appearing before the Prince of Wales at a private dinner-party. In "M. Gerolamo's Escapade," one of the items of his répertoire, he plays eight characters.—[*Photograph by R. Herrmann-Nachf.*]

Miss Nora Lancaster, who plays the heroine so charmingly in "A White Man," had an amusing experience a few nights ago as she was returning home in the "tube" from Piccadilly to Baker Street. The only other occupants of the carriage were a typical representative of 'Arry and an equally typical country cousin. They had been to see "A White Man" and to "a bit of supper" at a restaurant, and, after descanting on it, they turned their attention to the play. "Pretty little thing, Nora Lancaster," remarked 'Arry; and Miss Lancaster hid her face behind her evening paper. "P'raps you mightn't believe it, but she and me was great pals once," he volunteered; and, in answer to his companion's questions, he did the following tale unfold, to the amazement and amusement of the actress. "It was when I first come up to London, eight years ago. She was stayin' in the same boardin'-'ouse as me, in Bloomsbury. We was great pals. I called 'er 'Little Golden 'Air.'" (This was strange, for Miss Lancaster's own hair is dark, and her "golden 'air" is a wig which is kept in a box at the theatre.) "She and me 'it it off from the very first, and she used to tell me 'er trials and struggles to get on, for she was only in panto. then. I don't mind ownin' that I was pretty far gorn on Nora in those days, and so was she on yours truly, but we 'ad to part. I found she 'ad a 'usband, but she was separated from 'im by lor, and she told me once she only wished 'e'd go and drown 'isself. That's 'er little kid that they call Rita Leggiero." His companion expressed wonder that, in view of the past, he had not gone behind the scenes to see her. "Well, I did think of it," he admitted; "but then, you see, I thought it might make 'er a bit discontented, and regret the days that are no more, for we've drifted apart, and she goes 'er way and I mine. Still, she was uncommon struck on me once, pore little thing." Just then the train reached Baker Street, and Miss Lancaster had to get off, or there is no knowing what more intimate details she might not have heard of her private history, which existed only in the imagination of the young man, though imagination is hardly the right word.



THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": MISS JANET ALEXANDER AS TITANIA.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

MIMA ON MORALS.



JEMIMARANN *(outside the circus tent)*: D'you 'ear me, 'Enery Harthur, come away this very minit! If you 'adn't a' said the lady was performin' barebacked, I might ha' let you stop. You ain't old enough to look at such things, and you oughter be 'shamed o' yerself for wantin' to! Bare back, indeed, the 'ussy!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SOME people have regretted the disappearance of the classical quotation from Parliamentary Debate; but, after all, it may be but a mark of superlative good breeding in a speaker to refrain from a tongue which half his hearers do not understand. Gladstone, it is true, did not stick at a line or two of Greek, although Greek it was to most of his own followers; and Lowe, in one of his anti-Reform speeches, seemed to love a bit of Latin, not only for its own sake, but because he knew that John Bright, towards whom he specially turned, did not follow a word of it. A little earlier Disraeli had written to Sir George Sinclair, thanking him for the suggestion of appropriate classical quotations and saying how excellently they told in debate. But the occupation of the learned prompter, who took part thus from his library in the national speechifying, has already gone; and, barring Mr. Asquith, the member who would not be smiled at confines himself to his mother tongue.



A NIGHT BIRD.
Drawn by H. M. Bateman.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, thus deprived of an orator's natural outlet for his tag, lets it loose upon his readers. But even in a book it is to be banned. Mr. Austin Harrison, who tells us that he himself lost all his Latin and Greek from the time he went to Harrow, does not want to find them again in Mr. Belloc's pages. This quotation trick, he tells Mr. Belloc, is rather jarring; "it smacks of Oxford, of the clever young man." It partakes of the Don, whereas Mr. Belloc is the Don Quixote!—

> Surely you know we know all about your 'Varsity distinctions. I wish you would sometimes pen an ungrammatical sentence. I wish you would write more about hills and waves and winds and windlasses and breezes that blow big men's beards about big men's eyes, and elemental things, sunsets, haloes, Madonnas, Virgins, nautch-girls, elephants, desert-sandstorms, rain, thunder, rack of tempest, wreck of ship, blood of battle, fire of love—

all those things, in short, which Mr. Belloc has made his own. Mr. Harrison's is very pretty fooling; and he will have absolution from Mr. Belloc sure enough; for the remonstrance is all but lost sight of amid the flattery of an outlook and manner framed on Mr. Belloc's own.

One of the most interesting art-books, and the cheapest, of the year is the catalogue of a collection of pictures at 17, Harcourt Street, Dublin. It is a house which might well give room to Hogarths, for there is something of a Hogarth expression about its portals. Failing Hogarth, the visitor is likely to expect a few dreary Old Masters, with a fine example of Maclise to crown the dullness of an old-fashioned dining-room. But let the imaginary—the perhaps very imaginary—Maclise enthusiast beware: he will rub his eyes like a new Aladdin when he crosses this curious threshold.

Let the catalogue be his cicerone. Room I., he will read, in English and in Gaelic, and turn the corner on a portrait by Lavery; J. J. Shannon will next catch his eye, and then Mark Fisher and William Orpen, and many an artist whom he left but now piping hot in London. Room II.: and there is Conder, of the fans—the Paul Verlaine, with many a difference, of painting; and there is Simeon Soloman, a poet and a painter like Rossetti - only that his poetry has no book but his canvas—and a greater colourist; and here is Wilson Steer and Constable, Wilson Steer's particular master; and Mrs. Swynnerton, lately queened among women-artists by the honour of Mr. Sargent's purchase; and Watts, *her* particular master; and two Whistlers, and a John, and a Clausen, that greatest of Academicians save only one. And all the while we are reading the catalogue's notes, for the catalogue is a book, and tolerably well written at that, and full of concise information.

Literature is in force upon the staircase: Lady Gregory, of the plays, by Signor Mancini; Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, described as "novelist and verse-writer, author of many popular books"—the Irish of the Irish movement are not generally so quick to turn their swans to geese: most English critics would think it small justice to call Mrs. Hinkson's entirely serious poetry mere "verse." The painter of Mrs. Hinkson is J. B. Yeats, who has also done his brother, "W. B.," and Edward Dowden, and many more of the pictures hanging here. But the French pictures, and Rodin's splendid "L'Âge d'Airain," of which the translation should be "The Brass Age" rather than "The Bronze Age," are the most incredible occupants of Harcourt Street. There can no longer be any doubt before the Corots, the Manets, the Monets, the Courbets, the Puvis de Chavannes, the Daumiers and the Millets: we are in a National Gallery of Modern Art—this is the Lane collection given over to the City of Dublin.

I can never see a work on the gentle—or ferocious—art of advertising without thinking of Pinkerton. "The Advertiser's A B C" is a book after his own heart, and had not Stevenson given him and his ambitions over to a ranch in a mountain dingle, a patch of corn, a pair of kine, and a leisurely and contemplative age in the green shade of forests, I had suspected him of being the author of the book just issued. He had, delightful person, already issued a pamphlet on the subject in San Francisco. Stevenson tells us—

> He kept an office for advertisers, counselling, designing, acting as middleman with printers and bill-stickers for the inexperienced or the uninspired; the dull haberdasher came to him for ideas, the smart theatrical agent for his local knowledge, and one and all departed with a copy of his pamphlet, "How, When, and Where; or, The Advertiser's Vade-Mecum."

Would indeed that Pinkerton were again the author: for then he were with us; and who more welcome!

M. E.

GOOD SECURITY!



THE FIRST ACTOR: Lend me five shillings, old boy.

THE SECOND ACTOR: I would if I thought you'd ever be able to pay it back, but——

THE FIRST ACTOR: Pay it back! Great Scott! In the play I'm booked for next week I have to steal five thousand in the first act.

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CONVERSE: A TRIVIALITY.

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

I ALMOST despair of giving you any idea of the wonder of the garden on that summer morning.

It was just seven o'clock as Claude Graham stepped out upon the terrace that skirts the south front of the Palace; the last musical chime from the guard-room tower had that moment ceased, leaving the warm air still humming like a great top. But for this, though, and the chattering of birds in every bush, the place lay before him silent and deserted, flooded with sunshine, and full of an unbelievable freshness. It was a world of fairyland into which the boy seemed to have stepped all at once.

You imagine him, please, tip-toeing ever so softly along the terrace, as if fearful to break the enchantment with a human footfall, and, finally, at the head of the broad marble steps that lead downwards to the fountains, halting in mere delight of contemplation.

"And to think," he said under his breath, "that two days ago I was in England, and all this merely a name on the map!"

There was plenty of excuse for his enthusiasm. The private gardens of the Icarian Royal Palace are a sufficiently enchanting sight at times more prosaic than seven on a June morning. Even the stolid Baedeker pays them the supreme compliment of a double star, and Baedeker, I suppose, was not written by an impressionable boy of twenty on his first visit to the country. He adds, however, that admission for a stranger is very difficult to obtain; but as Claude Graham was staying in the Palace itself (where he had arrived the night before as guest to the English tutor of the King's brothers), these obstacles in the way of less-favoured tourists did not affect him.

As he stood watching some pigeons that, disturbed by the chime, were now circling overhead, a flicker of white and silver against the blue caught his attention, and from them his gaze travelled to the flagstaff upon which the royal standard hung almost motionless in the still air. Its presence told him that his host had been right in saying that the Court would probably arrive overnight. People were getting accustomed now to such sudden movements on the part of the energetic and youthful Sovereign of Icaria. "More likely than not," Claude had been told, "we shall wake up to-morrow morning and find their Majesties already here." And so, as appeared from the standard, it had actually happened.

The discovery gave for the guest an added touch of romance. It was pleasant to think that his visit would now, in all probability, include a presentation to two such interesting and charming persons. Besides, a king is a king, when all's said, nor was Claude lacking in the natural emotions produced in the mind of a healthy Englishman by crimson carpet; while, as for the young Queen, report had it that she was the most charming royal lady, with one exception, in the whole of Europe; wherefore he continued his descent with a mind even better satisfied than before.

And then, as he came slowly down the steps, one hand resting upon the broad marble balustrade, he was brought to a second halt—of astonishment this time, succeeded by a quick human interest. He had seen Her.

On the farther side of the paved square in which are the fountains, and separated from it by a tall hedge, is the Queen's rose-garden. From his position on the steps Claude could see right over this hedge and into the paradise (in the proper sense of the word) beyond. And in the paradise behold Eve herself, hatless and dressed all in white, standing tiptoe to snip roses from the top of a pergola-arch into the basket at her feet.

For a moment astonishment, as I say, held him at pause. Then he ran lightly down the remaining steps, passed round the great stone basin, where the gold-fish were enjoying a shower-bath of diamonds, and so came to the gap in the oleander hedge through which you pass to the rose-garden. There he stood hesitating, a little at a loss (as well he might be) for an excuse to enter, but with never a thought but that he would find means somehow for a closer sight of her who was within. You perceive from this what she was like to look at, a circumstance which saves me the trouble of attempting to describe her—which I couldn't do at all satisfactorily to myself.

He had not to wait long, for Providence, which watches over the sentimental, had decreed that just behind the hedge a small and grossly overfed dog should be basking in the sun, lazily snapping at flies. It was a quite horrid little dog, so ridiculously covered with hair as to be practically the same at both ends, except for a huge bow of pink ribbon with which someone had very thoughtfully distinguished its neck, and no sooner did it detect the presence of Claude than it launched itself upon him in a fury of yapping resentment.

So fierce a commotion breaking the quiet of the rose-garden naturally startled Her. She looked round in alarm, and seeing first the dog, then an unknown young man gazing up at her through the gap in the hedge, "Oh!" said she, but by no means in an unfriendly manner, and after a moment's hesitation she added more slowly, "I'm so sorry; he won't bite at all really."

Her voice was delightfully musical, and she spoke in French with just enough hint of care to make it easy for the English listener to understand. The face, even more beautiful than he had expected, was at close quarters vaguely familiar to Claude. Where could he have seen it before?

"Have you been trying?" he asked solemnly.

"Trying?" She was obviously perplexed.

"To make him bite at all really. You said, you know, that you were sorry he wouldn't."

It took a moment for the meaning of this idiotic remark to dawn upon her, during which she kept her clear eyes fixed upon his with a questioning gravity that Claude found adorable if somewhat embarrassing. That was really a crisis. Had she chosen to resent his impertinence this little story would have finished at the present paragraph. Instead, however, her bewilderment slowly gave place to an equally charming smile of comprehension, which was really the introduction to chapter two.

"Isn't it rather rude of you to laugh at my French?" she said.

"It is," said Claude penitently, "hideously, unforgivably rude, though it was the only repartee that I could think of. Your French, of course, is perfect."

"Are you trying to propitiate me now with compliments?" she inquired, laughing.

"Yes," he answered, so promptly that she looked a tiny bit disconcerted.

"However," she said, recovering herself, "I admit the justice of the correction."

"In that case," asked Claude boldly, "would you very much mind putting your monster under a spell again? You see," he explained, "I can't in honour fight anything so disproportionate, but he'd be awfully ill if he were to eat me."

She smiled again, with an air of polite amusement. "And if I call him off?" she asked. "What then?"

"Then, of course," said Claude, "I shall be able to enter the enchanted garden."

I fancy her eyebrows went up ever so slightly at this. He was certainly a most self-confident young man. However, she summoned the dog, who came unwillingly, still emitting a rumbling protest against the folly of permitting the intruder to remain alive.

"Be quiet!" she commanded it reprovingly, adding in explanation to Claude, "You see, I can't scold it properly, because I don't even know its name."

"No?" said Claude, standing beside her now and pretending to look at the dog.

"No. It isn't my monster at all, really. I believe it belongs to one of the ladies-in-waiting."

"Oh," said Claude, "I see."

He couldn't say anything else just then, because—piff! that innocent-sounding phrase had brought the whole of his growing romance helter-skelter about his ears. It recalled reality; this was no enchanted garden of fairyland, but just the most strictly private portion of a royal demesne, in which (he remembered his host's

[Continued overleaf.

The Wiles of Wily Willy.



V.—WILLY MAKES UP AS A WHELK, THAT HE MAY STUDY THE FRISKINGS OF THE LUG-WORM.

Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

words too late) one did not walk while They were in residence, for fear of meeting Them. And behold! on the first morning of his stay, undeterred by the thousand warnings of contemporary fiction, he had impudently forced his society upon an unknown and beautiful young lady in the Queen's own rose-garden. Worse than that, he had actually laughed at her French. Suddenly in a flash he realised the whole situation, understanding what had puzzled him before—the half recognition called up by her face, her surprise at his entrance, her presence in the rose-garden at all. What possible explanation could it have but one? Shade of Henry Harland! What must the—the Strange Lady think of him? Claude grew hot at the very idea. And yet, and yet, she had not seemed so very offended; even through his misery he recalled the delicious friendly laughter in her eyes.

"Well?" He started to find her regarding him critically.

"I beg your pardon."

"I said, 'Well,'" she repeated. "What I meant by that was that you seem to have remarkably little conversation, considering the informality with which you managed your introduction."

Quite clearly it was she who was laughing at him now; conviction of his folly grew upon the wretched boy every moment.

"I am more than sorry, your Ma——" he began, and checked the words, remembering suddenly that his only possible course was to affect to continue the mistake. And after all, she had practically invited him into the garden herself.

"More than sorry," he finished, "if I appeared rude."

"You certainly did," said the lady frankly. "But I'm afraid it's a little late for apologies. Wouldn't it be more practical of you to get on that seat, and help me with the high roses?"

"I shall be honoured," said Claude. He took the scissors she held out to him, and mounting the bench, began snipping in silence, but wondering furiously what on earth was going to happen next. So you have a picture of them, in the quiet garden, among the scent of the roses: the young man on the seat, the lady standing below with basket upheld to catch the great creamy blossoms as they fell, and, completing the trio, the dog with no name, already asleep again in the sunshine.

For a while there was no sound but the snack of the scissors; then—

"The best ones," said the lady, indicating them with a gesture, "are on the very top of the arch; they were just out of my reach."

"Yes," said Claude, snipping.

"That's always the way with the things you want most," she continued conversationally, "isn't it?"

"Yes," said Claude.

"At least, in my own experience"—there was a shade of impatience in her tone—"but, of course, for a man, things are not quite the same, are they?"

"No," said Claude.

"I suppose, in that case, you're glad you were born one?"

"Yes," said Claude.

The girl stamped her foot. "Great heavens!" she cried, so unexpectedly that Claude only just kept his balance, and in so doing drove a large thorn into his finger. "Aren't you well that you can say nothing but 'Yes' and "No'?"

"Ye—" began Claude, and corrected himself. "I was afraid," he observed humbly, "that I'd talked rather too much already."

"Just as you please, of course," said the girl; and fell silent again, as though offended.

But, a moment or two later, Claude, glancing down to make sure of the basket, saw her face—that too-beautiful face, the haunting familiarity of which was now so awkwardly explained—turned up to his with a look of genuine concern. Then, just as their eyes met, it brightened suddenly into another of her smiles of comprehension.

"Of course," she cried radiantly, "that's it. How foolish of me!"

Claude looked bewildered,

"You want to smoke; men always get sulky when they're like that. Please do. Have you a cigarette?"

"As a matter of fact," said Claude, smiling back in spite of himself, "I have several."

"Then get down and light one," she commanded. "Never mind about the roses." And, as he still hesitated: "Be quick! I'm not accustomed to be disobeyed."

Naturally, after that he could do nothing but submit, and, descending obediently, he produced from his pocket a cigarette-case, which, being a presentation and absurdly out of keeping with its undergraduate owner, happened to be of gold, with "Claude" inlaid in tiny stones upon the cover. I mention this because, just as he drew it out, the thought flashed upon him with a faint amusement that the name so blazoned was identical with that of his Majesty of Icaria. He wondered whether his companion would notice it also, and glancing at her to ascertain, found her eyes fixed upon the glittering toy with an expression almost of alarm. Suddenly she raised them appealingly to his face.

"You!" she stammered. "I—I 'd no idea!"

Her surprise at this simple coincidence was so much greater than he had anticipated, that for the second time Claude felt himself blushing awkwardly.

"I 'm so sorry," he said, half feeling as though some apology were demanded. "I—I couldn't help it, you know!"

Oddly enough, her embarrassment seemed to increase with his own.

"Oh, please!" she cried hastily, "it's really I who should—oh, I do hope you believe that I hadn't any idea——"

"Of course," said Claude soothingly, knowing nothing but that her confusion and distress were obviously genuine. "How could you have?"

"You do forgive, me, then?" She looked up again quite shyly.

"Forgive you?"

"For talking as I did, and—oh, for making you get on to the seat."

Without doubt this exalted conversation had its pitfalls.

"It was an honour—and a delight," said Claude, more bewildered than ever, but gaining courage to look straight into her eyes again. "How beautiful she is," he thought; "and what on earth is she talking about?"

For it never once occurred to him to imagine (what, of course, you have long ago seen) that she might also be acquainted with the works of Mr. Henry Harland, and that to her the name upon the cigarette-case might explain much—the vague familiarity, for instance, of its owner's face, and the rather more than vague familiarity of his introduction. "No wonder," she reflected, aghast, "he snubbed me after ordering him on to the seat! I shall have to leave the Palace this very day!".

Suddenly, in the midst of the confusion that held them both, her eyes fell again upon his hand, where a smear of crimson now showed.

"Oh," she cried in an accent of concern, "you've hurt yourself."

"Only a thorn," said Claude, prosaically applying his lips to the wound. "It's nothing to matter."

"Oh, but indeed it is," she protested. "If it breaks in it might gather, and heaven only knows what! All because of me!" She was quite tragic over the possibility.

"I assure you," began Claude, but she interrupted him.

"Perhaps," she said timidly, "if you were to let me try, with the point of the scissors——"

"It's really too good of you," said Claude, hesitating, but only for a moment, for, as a matter of fact, now that his courage had returned he was beginning to enjoy the situation again hugely. The newspaper people, he reflected, didn't make half enough of her: she was amazing, glorious. If only—but he crushed back this thought resolutely. He held out his hand. "It's the little finger," he said.

"You 'll tell me if I hurt you?" She took his hand in her own. "Promise!"

"I promise," said Claude, lying, for under the circumstances he would have been hurt a good deal without mentioning it.

I do not know how long it took to extract the thorn—a full ten minutes certainly, during which she said nothing, and Claude himself had leisure for many thoughts, of which that unfinished sentence, "If only——" was perhaps the most insistent. At last, however, the thing was done.

"There," she said triumphantly, "I've got it out!" and at the same moment the chimes from the guard-room tower sounded again.

She started. "What time was that?" she asked.

"Half-past seven," said Claude, amazed to find that this wonderful adventure should really have lasted only half-an-hour; it seemed ages since he stood on the terrace.

"I must be getting back," she said, "or Madame de Gueslin will be up and wondering what's become of me."

Then, seeing Claude's involuntary look of surprise, she added hastily, "But you—you won't visit my sins on her head, will you? She's such an old dear, really. It was the head gardener said I might cut some roses for her."

"The head gardener——?" Suddenly a glorious doubt began to rise in Claude's mind. Did queens, even in these democratic days, speak thus?

"Yes. He's awfully fond of Madame de Gueslin. So 's everybody. I used to worship her when she was my governess. That's why I came to stay here. And now—— Oh, I do hope," appealingly, "I've not got her into trouble on my very first morning. Please say I haven't."

But, for once, her companion failed to notice the very becoming effect of anxiety upon grey eyes.

"Your first morning?" he repeated with growing excitement.

"Yes; I only arrived from England last night."

"But, good heavens," cried Claude breathlessly, "so did I!"

"You!" Suddenly, in her amazement, she abandoned the careful French. "Why, then—— Of course, now I look at you, you're not the King at all. You're the young man in the Berne refreshment-room."

Claude started violently; at the word, a vast illumination seemed to pour into his mind. "And you," he almost shouted, "you're the girl with the hot coffee!"

For a moment he stood staring, confounded by this sudden access of intelligence.

"I knew I'd seen you somewhere before," he said at last. "That's why I thought—that's why we both thought——" He broke off abruptly; then, with an unmistakable sigh of relief, added: "By George, though, I'm awfully glad we aren't!"

The girl gave no answer to this, but doubtless Claude, watching her face, saw something there that satisfied him that the thanksgiving was really a duet.

"And now," he suggested cheerily, "let's begin all over again, in English."

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS.

ONE of the daintiest of our Sovereign's great-nieces is the eight-year-old Princess Marie of Roumania, the second daughter and third child of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. These royal brothers and sisters—of whom the eldest, Prince Carol, will be fifteen next October, and of whom the youngest, Prince Nicholas, is only four—have a singularly happy life. They are surrounded by adoring relations, and spend much of their young lives in the fairy-like country castle of Pelesch. Princess Marie, who bears no other Christian name, is the god-daughter and favourite grandchild of the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and she often stays with the latter at the charming château which our Sovereign's sister-in-law possesses near Nice.



GREAT-NIECE OF THE KING: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA, DAUGHTER OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Mandy.

A Delicate Legal Point. A very curious case has just come on in Spain, and is about to be judged by the Supreme Court of Madrid. The point which is to be determined is a delicate one, both in fact and in law, for the plaintiffs are admittedly half-brothers of the young King of Spain. They are the sons of the late Spanish Sovereign's early youth, their mother having been a beautiful singer named Elena Sanz, who some thirty years ago was thought a serious rival of the greatest divas of that day. The two young men are, of course, considerably older than King Alfonso—who, as chief heir of his father, may be regarded as the principal defendant of the suit—and are named severally Alfonso and Fernando. They live in Paris, where they are noted as keen sportsmen and motorists. Alfonso is amazingly like his royal half-brother, and Fernando resembles many a noted stately Spanish Infante—a rather quaint fact when it is remembered that he is the amateur champion cyclist of his adopted country. During the lifetime of Alfonso XII. the two lads and their mother lived in Spain, where, perhaps owing to the magnificent precedent created by Don John of Austria, the populace are kindly disposed to such royal offshoots; but on the death of the late King, Mme. Sanz and her children were asked to leave Spanish territory.

The Cause of the Dispute. It is not denied that the late King behaved with considerable posthumous generosity to the two lads and their mother. A considerable sum of money was settled on them; but this sum, represented by "securities to bearer," was embezzled by the person to whom it had been entrusted. On this fact being brought to the notice of the legal advisers to the young King, the latter offered the brothers Sanz—their mother now being dead—an annuity of six hundred a year in full settlement.

A Curious Law called Toro. Now, the two young men have discovered—with the help, it is said, of the famous French barrister Maître Labori, who played so notable a rôle in the Dreyfus case—that, according to an old Spanish law, known as Toro, every natural son whose paternity is established has a right not only to bear his father's name, but to receive a share of his father's estate equal to one half the portion of each legitimate heir! Messrs. Alfonso and Fernando Sanz are therefore claiming the titles of Princes of the House of Bourbon and a very large slice of the late Sovereign's private estate. Should they win their case, an English lady will be added to the list of Bourbon Princesses, for Alfonso Sanz married, three years ago, a charming young Englishwoman.

Not a Bit. If Sir W. S. Gilbert staggered the Censor, as he has been telling us that he did, it would require a toughish Censor to stagger him. He is the readiest man alive. It was his alertness, his ability to grapple with every situation as it arose which made him the prince of stage-managers—as he is, though the man-in-the-street knows nothing of it. The principals became in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter; the chorus, most refractory of communities, yielded also to his strength and charm. One of the leaders of the girls stepped up to him on the stage one day, weeping. She had been insulted, she said, grossly insulted, by another girl; she really could not remain in the company. Why, what had happened? the librettist asked. "She said to me, 'You're no better than you ought to be,'" whimpered the songbird with the good looks. "Well, you are not, my dear, are you?" replied Gilbert. "Why, of course not, Mr. Gilbert," replied the girl through her tears. "Ah! I thought not; so that's all right," said he, and the rehearsal went on without another hitch.



M. ALFONSO SANZ, HALF-BROTHER OF THE KING OF SPAIN. MME. ALFONSO SANZ.

CLAIMING ESTATE FROM THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE TITLE OF A PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON: THE HERO OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ROYAL ROMANCE, AND HIS WIFE.

MM. Alfonso and Fernando Sanz, who are admittedly half-brothers of the young King of Spain, are claiming the titles of Princes of the House of Bourbon, and a large part of the late King of Spain's personal estate. They base their claim on the provisions of an old Spanish law known as Toro, which stipulates that every natural son whose paternity is established has a right to bear his father's name and to receive a share of his father's estate equal to one half the portion of each legitimate heir. Mme. Alfonso Sanz is an Englishwoman.

Photographs by Laborier.

KEY-NOTES

SIBELIUS conducted the first performance in England of his Symphony in C at the Queen's Hall on Thursday night last, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. Even a first hearing reveals a great part of the work's merits. The form is orthodox, the themes are clean-cut, clear, and inspiring, and the scoring is amazingly clever, so clever that even the cross-rhythms in which the second movement abounds do not make for obscurity. The whole work, admirably played by the orchestra, was excellent, and encouraged great hopes from a second performance. Dr. Cowen, who met with a hearty reception, conducted the rest of the concert, to which Mlle. Esta D'Argo contributed the splendid air "Praise the Redeemer," from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," in fashion that only just fell short of being absolutely first-class, and Mr. Herbert Fryer played the piano part of Eugen d'Albert's Second Concerto. He was nervous and in some trouble with the tempo on one occasion, but may be said to have acquitted himself well in a task of rare difficulty.

If the four evening concerts that remain to be given by the New Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Beecham's direction, at the Queen's Hall, are as good as the first, there is every reason to believe that they will be succeeded by many others when the public has learned to recognise the merit of the new combination. In bringing a new orchestra to town, Mr. Beecham must have found himself face to face with a serious difficulty. The most popular music is given over and over again by the Queen's Hall and London Symphony players, and it cannot be easy to challenge the one or the other on ground they have made their own. Mr. Beecham has recognised this, and, in avoiding that form of competition, he has laid musical amateurs under a debt of gratitude, because he has given them music that has the charm of comparative novelty. Dvoràk's Fourth Symphony was the *pièce de résistance* on Wednesday night last, and the programme included a highly complicated impression of Paris from the pen of Mr. Delius and work by other moderns, including Granville Bantock, Holbrooke, and Fauré.



TO SING AT THE CHAPPELL BALLAD CONCERTS THIS MONTH: MISS ETHEL CADMAN.
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

The supreme beauty of Dvoràk's symphony was brought out in most capable fashion, and this performance served to remind us that we hear too little of the work of a man who was a composer of extraordinary talent. His orchestral work has not yet obtained a great vogue in England, but there seems little reason to doubt that the man who forced his way from a Moldavian village to the forefront of the world of music was one of the great musicians of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Dvoràk's music has a curious individuality of its own, founded, seemingly, upon the composer's use of the chromatic scale, and it is doubtful whether the genius of Bohemian music will ever find fitter expression than it received at his hands. Moreover, in listening to Dvoràk one is conscious that he was a man who wrote with all the passion and all the fury that he could sum up. He was never a niggard; he was never content to spread the smallest amount of thematic material over the widest possible space. He gave generously of his gifts upon every occasion, and the full extent of those gifts has yet, we believe, to be fully understood in this country.

Although we yield to no man in sincere admiration for Dr. Richter and Mr. Percy Pitt, it is impossible not to regret the issue to the Press of a letter that the great conductor has written to the Musical Director of the Opera House. It would surely have been better to publish the information set out, and nothing more, for the distribution to the newspapers of Dr. Richter's letter of congratulation is faintly reminiscent of the practice that prevails in music-hall circles of giving managers or low comedians diamond rings or sealskin-coats, and setting out the details of the presentation in a professional paper. Of course no business that appeals to the public can be carried on without publicity, but—*est modus in rebus*. It is, however, decidedly interesting to learn that, in addition to the repetitions of the "Ring," in January next, the "Meistersinger" will be given, while the production of "Fidelio" is under consideration, and one or two English operas are to be presented. It may be objected that no English operas are really crying out for production just now, but the movement is in the right direction, and the knowledge that their work may be given at Covent Garden under the direction of Dr. Richter must needs stimulate all British composers.

Miss Margaret Horne, who made her first appearance before the London public last week, is a pupil of Joachim and Sevcik, who has already established a reputation for herself in Scotland. She was assisted at the Queen's Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra and Miss Taggart, whose singing formed by no means the least agreeable part of an interesting concert. Miss Horne was heard in the Beethoven Concerto and one by Wieniawski, that great virtuoso who delighted in writing music that, while it bristled with technical difficulties, had no message to deliver. Miss Horne has not wasted the years of her training under great masters, but she would be well advised to supplement them and to devote a considerable time to careful study, for at present the qualities of her playing lie very near the surface. So long as a work demands cleverness she is never at fault, but when the interpretation calls for depth of feeling and the innate sincerity that proclaims the born artist we find something lacking. It does not seem to be nervousness that is accountable for this defect, although nervousness may be very properly held responsible for moments when the player's intonation was not quite true. A serious endeavour to develop a considerable natural gift to the fullest will make Miss Margaret Horne a first-class violinist.—COMMON CHORD.

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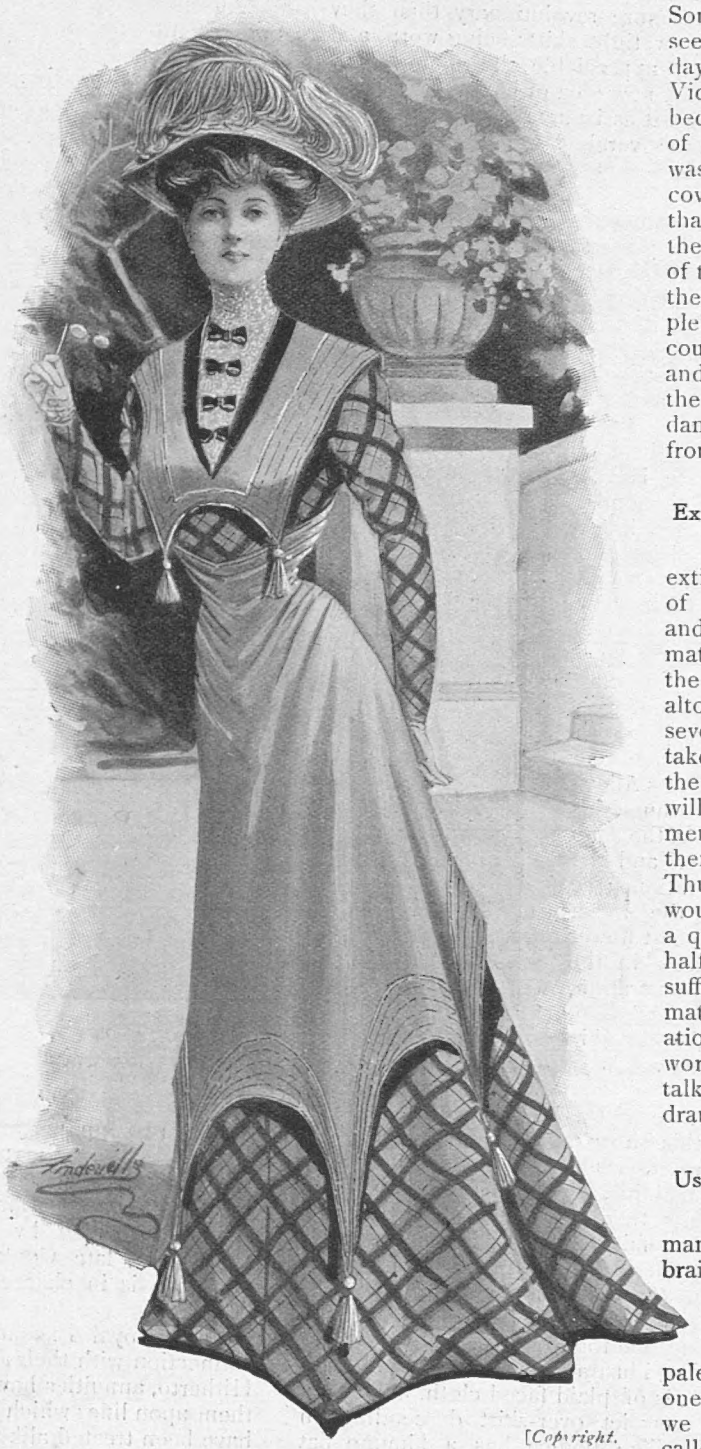
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Woman and the Poet. Although he invariably makes her unhappy, Woman shows a touching disposition to cast herself down in front of the Poet and let him make a door-mat of her. She "has," I suppose, "her reasons," but when she starts out with the lyrical expert into the extreme adventure of matrimony her final state is likely to be a parlous one. If womenfolk were wise, they would avoid like the plague all men who have a facility for stringing rhymes. The turpitudes of poets in relation to the Sex are as multitudinous as the stars of a summer night. The letters of Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener, for instance, throw a curious light on that illustrious bard's domestic proceedings. In spite of his shrill voice and his eccentric ways, Percy Bysshe Shelley seemed to collect feminine people round him like certain flowers collect bees. He never dreamed they would not all be happy together under the illuminating light of his presence, so that he actually invited his deserted wife to come and live with the young person with whom he eloped, and succeeded in adding to his household—for a time—the clever woman to whom these letters were addressed. In all this, to be sure, the author of "Adonais" was by no means the inconsistent and erratic dreamer his biographers imagine. He believed—much more than the French—in the extreme principles of the French Revolution, and in his relations to the fair he simply carried them from the nebulous region of theory into the plain atmosphere of practice.

Princesses of Science. In France the emancipation of women seems to be chiefly taken in hand by the men, for over there not only are the *féministe* novels written by famous masculine authors, but the women writers would seem to be starting a reactionary movement. Colette Yver's clever and much-talked-of diatribe against women doctors is a case in point. In "Princesses de Science" the female practitioners one and all come to grief. Their children die, or scald themselves with boiling water; the cook sends up all the dishes which the husband cannot endure; their spouses are unfaithful, or take to looking too long on the cup of absinthe. It is true one has heard of faithless and intemperate men who were not married to lady doctors; but it is our author's stern purpose to wean the young female generation from any hankering after the lancet and the consulting-room. Yet I fear she will not deter the young person with scientific leanings from adventuring on this arduous profession, for, by her own showing, not only are the great French surgeons and physicians highly encouraging and chivalrous towards women students and doctors, but all the characters in her story—even the penniless—make excellent matches with clever young physicians in the course of their student career! In short, the Princesses of Science seem to be more interesting and attractive to the medical profession than the ordinary bourgeoise or the average stay-at-home *ingénue*.



[Copyright.

A SMART SPRING AFTERNOON-DRESS OF PLAID FACED CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Africa for the English. If we Britons are slowly but surely being ousted from a predominant position in Dutch South Africa, it is obvious that the rest of the continent is to be the happy hunting-ground of the future for travellers, adventurers, and pleasure-seekers from the little northern island. We sweep up the Nile in our hordes, and occupy the hotels of Khartoum. We go lion-shooting in Somaliland. No one considers he has seen the sights of the world nowadays unless he has looked on the Victoria Falls. British East Africa is becoming as much the winter resort of our aristocracy and plutocracy as was once, in the time of its first discovery, the French Riviera, the fact that it is rather more difficult to get there only adding to the attractions of the country and the climate. When the Cape to Cairo Railway is completed, Africa will indeed be the country of the English, and restaurant and sleeping cars will carry us through the Dark Continent with as little danger or fatigue as one now travels from New York to San Francisco.

Exterminating the Actor. Very soon the race of comedians will be practically extinct. There will be no more need of high salaries, beautiful dresses, and amazing upholstery, for the cinematograph is going to do away with the necessity of actors and actresses altogether. It is announced that several French dramatists have undertaken to write sketches and plays for the cinematograph, and these pieces will be acted in front of the instrument by comedians of repute, and then reproduced all over the world. Thus, it is obvious that one actress would suffice for a community, just as a queen-bee suffices for a hive, while half-a-dozen comedians could provide sufficient dramatic fare (on the cinematograph screen) for an entire generation. One is puzzled to know if words will be provided by a mechanical talking-machine, or if the new kind of drama will be a glorified Dumb Crambo?

Uses of a Clever Wife. Naïve New York is seriously discussing whether a man should marry a woman with brains or not, for all the world as if Man, poor dear, had any choice in the matter. Some individuals are caught and impaled on the altar of matrimony one way, and some another, but (dare we whisper it?) although the so-called "happy bridegroom" thinks he is choosing, in reality he does not choose at all. He simply falls before the bow and spear of the most determined female he happens to come across, just as the gentleman in Mr. Shaw's play succumbed to the pertinacity of Anne. If he marries a clever woman she will convince him, not only that it was he who exercised his own judgment and will-power in the choice of a wife, but she will make him courageous enough to brave the major ills of domesticity, such as evening parties, long operas, dull dinners, platitudinous visitors, and other untoward incidents of our so-called civilisation. If he marries a fool he will sooner or later find out the fact, and in this case he will have no alluring fingers to blindfold him to the boredom of existence as we know it.

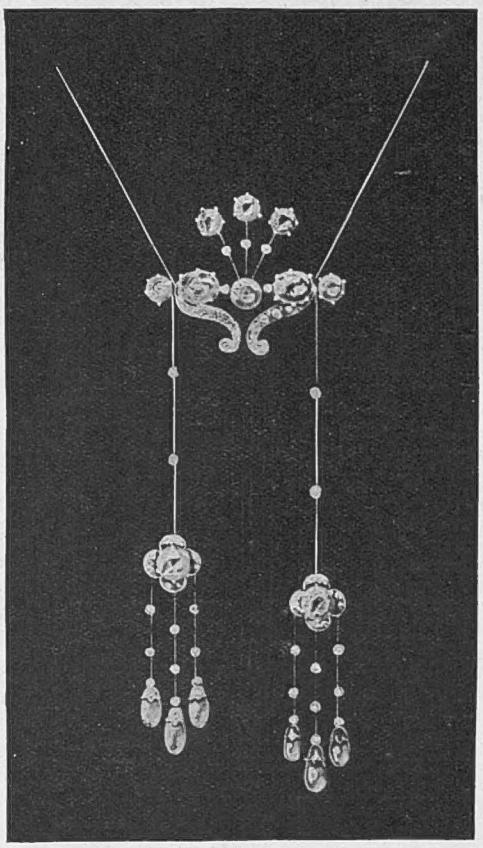
THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

NOW that the Courts are over and Lent is here, we must face a few dull weeks. They are brightened by preparations for the future: most women are making ready to emerge after Easter into the gay plumage of the season proper. It remains our regular season, even though it is broken up and lasts so short a time in comparison with what it used to do. Smart women are having their figures trained to wear the very tight dresses which will obtain. It is almost a return to the old eel-skin type of garment, save that the up-to-date variety are voluminous about the feet. This latest skirt will give rise to a new walk of a gliding character, which will prove graceful or ungraceful according to the powers of the executant. If the new skirt is adopted for the ball-room, we may expect the return of our old friend the slow valse, for the lively movements of the two-step and other varieties of hop dances will not be in character with the closely binding skirt.

To read of drastic changes in fashion is a different matter from seeing them. They sound so much more revolutionary than they look. There are now some of the new tight skirts being worn, and only to observant feminine eyes is appreciable the change they make in the female form divine. The new idea of having the corset and skirt all in one is, of course, a great assistance in the becoming wearing of the sheath skirt. I saw several the other evening at dinner at a restaurant, and I must say I admired them.

There is no prettier form of ornament than the new loose double pendant passed through a clasp, the two ends falling beneath. Miss Lyttelton's bridesmaids at the principal wedding of last week wore pendants of this kind, given to them by the bridegroom. They were in the shape of bird's eggs in Russian enamel on platinum chains, and fell from a tiny jewel-studded clasp. Each bridesmaid—there were eleven—had them of a different colour. More elaborate is the pendant illustrated, which is all in diamonds, on a platinum chain, and is the latest product of the clever Parisian Diamond Company. The charm about these ornaments is that they are equally suitable for day or night wear.

The coming of the spring always suggests violets. I know a cultivated woman who invariably changes her perfume with the seasons, and heralds in the spring with violet. She uses the English violet perfume so successfully prepared by the Misses Allen-Brown from flowers from their own nurseries at Henfield, Sussex. Also, she has the soap and the sachets and the powder and the entire suite of dainty toilet preparations; so that, wherever she is, there is the fresh, spring-like atmosphere of the modest flower which scents our English gardens in the youth of the year. A delightful preparation, she tells me, is English violet motor-lotion, with which she cools and refreshes her skin after a ride exposed to the robust winds of these lusty young months.



A CHARMING DIAMOND PENDANT ON A PLATINUM CHAIN, SEEN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

We are of all things faddists, we of this generation. In nothing does this show more pronouncedly than in our choice of medicine. Everyone has their pet medicine: some people go about charged with tabloids, which they fire on their friends in season and out. Happily, there are thousands not carried away by every faddism, who remain faithful to tried remedies such as Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. In this epidemic of influenza I know many who have kept themselves in perfect condition with it. After all, the secret of escape is to keep fit, and this is a proved method of doing so, and a pleasant one too.

On "Woman's Ways" page an illustration will be found of a smart spring afternoon-dress. It is of plaid faced cloth, and has a slightly draped peplum-shaped corselet over-skirt descending in points terminating with tassels. The bodice has a kimono flat drapery, also finished with tassels, and there is a lace vest trimmed with velvet bows. The large hat is of chip, and is finished with ostrich-feathers; the dress is in shades of the new Chinese blues, the hat, of course, to match. It can be made in any shading of colour.

I met the other day a dear friend with a new face. A nice, smooth, happy face it was, whereas it had been clouded by a care and disfigured by a cluster of hair on either cheek, significant of whiskers, and magnified by a sensitive mind into a hirsute appendage worthy of a pard, whatever kind of individual that may be. The worker of this pleasant miracle was one Mrs. Pomeroy, Limited. I should imagine it was not her skill that was limited, and she had made a happy woman of my friend and performed electrolysis in the most scientific and effectual way, without causing any but quite bearable pain, not to be so much as thought of in comparison with the resultant gain. A free sitting is offered by this lady and superfluous hairs are removed without charge in order to demonstrate the success of her methods. My friend went, sat and was triumphantly treated. Furthermore, she is confidently assured that there will be no re-appearance of the undesirable growth.

I am critical of appearance, and find it difficult really to admire anyone who has not nice white teeth. Of course, one can have these from a skilful dentist nowadays. It is so much more satisfactory, however, to have them on a life lease. A way to ensure this is care for the hard-worked things. They want cleansing after every meal, but more especially night and morning. A most efficacious and reliable medium for effecting this is the "O. S." tooth-block. It is a splendid preparation from ingredients recommended by several of the most eminent dentists of the day at a meeting of the Odontological Society. A great merit it has in addition is that it can be so easily packed and carried, and it costs only a shilling.

The King has honoured the Michelin Tyre Company with the royal warrant.

An interesting link with the Early Victorian era has just passed away in the person of Thomas Henry Rollason, of Holbeach, Balham, who died on the 2nd inst., and was buried in Norwood Cemetery. Born Nov. 29, 1831, he was a nephew of the famous Dr. Wright, of Birmingham, whose services in connection with the discovery of the process of electro-plating, in conjunction with Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, the original patentees, will be remembered. Entering the employ of this firm at the age of fifteen, he became finally a director of the company, a position which he retained until within three years of his death.

The annual dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, postponed from November last, will take place on Saturday, March 7, in the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, with the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley in the chair. Applications for tickets should be made to Mr. C. I. Coltson, the secretary of the Fund, 8, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Now that the spring is approaching, lovers of nature will turn their thoughts to scenes of hedge-bound lanes and newly awakening foliage, with its accompanying lustre of young and fresh wild-flowers. Nowhere, perhaps, is to be found a more favoured spot in this respect than the West of England, and thither the Great Western Railway runs an admirable service of express trains, by which nature-lovers may travel rapidly and in comfort.

The management of the Taj Mahal Palace Hotel, Bombay, have recently made arrangements for a six weeks' tour in India for an American gentleman, Mr. W. D. Ewart, and his medical attendant, Dr. R. Nevins. In order that Mr. Ewart, who is a semi-invalid, might travel in greater comfort, Mr. Burcher, the manager of the Taj Mahal Hotel, made arrangements with the G.I.P. Railway Company to make slight alterations in one of their carriages containing two compartments and kitchen and servants' accommodation. Among the places of interest to which visits have been arranged are Darjeeling, Benares, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Lahore, and Amritsar. All the meals taken on the journey will be provided by the Taj Mahal Hotel staff. Mr. K. N. Khambatta, late Controller of the Household to the Maharajah of Alwar, is in charge of the party.

The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation have a system in connection with their annuity business which is of much importance. Hitherto, annuities have been granted by the companies who deal in them upon lines which have existed for many years, and all annuitants have been treated alike, no consideration having been given to the condition of the health and prospects of longevity of the annuitant. When an office sells a life policy great care is taken to see that the life is a good one, and a medical examination as to the health of the proposer is required, and on the result of this examination will depend what the amount of the premium is to be; but no such consideration had hitherto been shown to those who desired to invest their capital in the purchase of annuities. The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation—whose existence dates from 1720—under their new scheme admit that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and they therefore now grant annuities on more favourable terms to people who are not likely to live to a very advanced age, than to those who are. The fairness of this arrangement is obvious. Under this new scheme, which applies exclusively to this Corporation, incomes in some cases have been more than doubled. A prospectus, giving the system in detail, can be obtained from the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, Royal Exchange, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 10.

THE SHRINKAGE IN STOCK EXCHANGE BUSINESS.

STOCKBROKERS, and others who write daily reports of the markets, find their vocabulary approaching exhaustion when it comes to description of the present condition of affairs in the House. The only difference between one day and its successor appears to be that the latter is rather less active than the former. Idler days are not seen in the height of summer. Members stand in every market doing not a bargain from one end of the session to the other. Business has deserted the Stock Exchange for the time being—"Poetical justice," said one broker savagely, "for all the coil and moil raised over domestic squabbles lavishly advertised to the world at large." Those who seek explanations for the lack of orders point to the check administered to speculators by the little disappointment over money, and to the public demand for new issues which has diverted investment business from existing stocks, in both of which factors lies a certain amount of force.

AT THE REVIVAL.

Will things ever wake up? we are perpetually asked. Of course they will. Let us once get money on to a really cheap plane, likely to last, and every investment stock in the House will improve. There's little enough stock about, look where you will. The Consol jobbers banged prices the other day in order to get hold of cheap stock, and all that happened was they found their offers snapped: they had to sell more, when all the time they really wanted to buy. Home Railway stocks are in equally short supply: the existence of the bears is one of the few bull points about the market. Americans we are carrying on the bear-tack for the other side. South Americans and Mexicans are as scarce as the sunshine. Buy any South American Railway stock and see how long is the delay before delivery can be obtained. A recovery is due, if not already overdue, and perhaps it would be well not to wait too long before closing up bear accounts and jobbing on the other tack.

BREWERY INVESTMENTS.

By the time these Notes appear, the Brewery market will probably have settled down again into some state more approaching the normal. On the Friday and Saturday succeeding Mr. Asquith's introduction of the measure, prices were what the Stock Exchange emphatically, if vulgarly, terms "dried up." You could deal only one way. Some of the newspapers lashed themselves into a fine fury over the slump, and did their little best to get up a sensation over it, but when it so happens that dealings come to a standstill, it cannot be truthfully declared that the market is excited. The market left the excitement to the journalists.

Even in the remote event of the Bill passing in the House of Commons without drastic amendment, it is generally conceded that the Lords will have none of it. So people are on the look-out for bargains. We should suggest leaving Preference and Ordinary stocks severely alone. They may be cheap, but the Debenture stocks it is which are cheaper. Truman, Hanbury 4 per cent. Debenture at 80; is not that good enough? Whitbread 4 per cent. Debenture stock at something between 80 and 85, that surely must be accounted cheap; while Peter Walker 4 per cent. Debenture stock below 90 is what the ladies' papers call "very desirable."

NEW CHARTERED SHARES.

Why don't the directors say whether or not the new issue of Chartered shares has been in any way guaranteed? They, the directors, must know perfectly well that an idea is abroad to the effect that the success of the issue was arranged in advance, and we submit that in no more than common fairness they should either confirm or deny the rumour, because it might make a good deal of difference in helping a shareholder to decide as to the advisability of taking up his proportion. It seems to us that a holder should either subscribe for the new issue or else sell his old shares and cut his loss, for if the money is not forthcoming, Chartered will slump to their more proper value of something under half-a-sovereign. Should the proprietors supply the new million for the directors to have another flutter with, Chartered shares may soar to the giddy heights of a shilling or so above their par price. The options have so little real value that we are a trifle surprised at the Board holding out such a tinselly attraction in order to secure the gold. We cannot help repeating what we said last week—to wit, the existence of the options must have a depressing effect upon the prospects of any substantial rise in the price of Chartered shares for another four years.

FOREIGN RAILS.

The scheme for the conversion of the Preferred shares of the *Interoceanic Railway of Mexico* is now fairly launched, and will no doubt receive the sanction of Parliament in due course. Under the scheme a holder of ten of the present Preferred shares will receive in exchange £140 of 5 per cent. First Preference stock, and £100 of 4 per cent. Second Preference stock. Some shareholders have been inclined to grumble because these stocks are not made cumulative, but, on the other hand, it should be remembered that for the future a holder of ten shares will be entitled to receive £11 in interest, whenever it is earned, whereas formerly he would only have been entitled to £7, when once the arrears of interest had been paid off. The earnings of the Company have been steadily increasing for some time past, and for the twelve months ending 30th June, 1907, amounted to £194,804, while the first five months of the current financial year showed a further increase in net earnings of £21,251. The official calculation of the directors is that, when the conversion to a 4 ft. 8½ in. standard gauge is completed, a net revenue of at least £350,000 will be ensured, which would permit of a dividend on the Ordinary stock, besides, of course, paying the full dividend on the First and Second Preference. That is looking some years ahead, but even in the immediate future, a purchaser of the Preferred shares at their present price is likely to make a good profit. The new 5 per cent. First Preference stock is not likely to be quoted much lower than 75-80, while the 4 per cent. Second Preference, which should become a favourite speculative stock, should command an immediate price of about 30. Assuming these figures to be fairly accurate, the immediate value of the present shares should be 13½, as anyone may work out for himself.

Another Company which is about to carry out a capital reconstitution scheme is the *Cordoba Central*. This Company, already one of the most prosperous in the Argentine, and destined for a greater future, suffers from the extraordinary complexity of its capital arrangements, and the new scheme will do something, although not all that could be desired, to simplify matters. I have not space here to enter into the question of its effect on the Preference and Ordinary stocks, but I may point out that the *North-West Argentine 4 per Cent. Debentures* should certainly benefit by consolidation with the £2,000,000 of Central Northern 4 per Cent. Debentures, and, at their present price of about 88, are an extremely good investment, likely to advance gradually to par.

Another good investment of the same class is the 5 per cent. Debentures of the *Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension* Railway at round about their present figure of 93. The 5 per cent. interest is guaranteed by the Cordoba Central Company until 1912, long before which date the Company should be earning sufficient to cover the interest from its own railway now being constructed, while there is the further attraction of being entitled to two thirds of any surplus profits after the Ordinary shares have received 5 per cent. I give below a table showing the return obtainable from an investment in these stocks, and also in *Argentine North Eastern "A" Debenture* stock, which is another good investment of the same class.

	Price.	Return per cent. £ s. d.
Cordoba Central N.W. Argentine Extension 4 per cent. Deb.	88	4 11 0
Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension Ry. 5 per cent. Deb.	93	5 8 0
Argentine North Eastern Ry. 5 per cent. "A" Deb. stock	100	5 0 0

The excellent *Salt Union* dividend came as a surprise to the market, but readers of this column will have been prepared for it by my recommendation of the shares in my note of July 31st ult. I then pointed out that if the Ordinary received, as was expected, 1s. per share, the Preference shares would get rather more than 10s. per share. The dividend now announced of 1s. per share on the Ordinary, and 7 per cent., together with a bonus of 2s. per share, on the Preference shares, exactly bears out my forecast.

Saturday, Feb. 29, 1908. Q.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TANGO.—We really hardly know what to say about Ilfords. The last report is very bad, and it looks to us as if the Company is drifting. The Entertainment Company is very prosperous at present, but, like all of its class, speculative.

ALPHA BETA.—The shares are good enough for a small investment such as you suggest.

DONEGAL.—The bonds, bought at a proper price, are fair investments. If you buy through an honest dealer—there are such—you run no risk of getting drawn bonds, and you could arrange to have a list sent you after each drawing.

EGYPT.—You need not be alarmed. Even if the profits of the best Egyptian Banks are slightly upset by the present crisis, the stability of the institutions is not in danger.

A. E. P.—See "Q's" note as to the Interoceanic Railway.

C. R.—You must exercise your own judgment as to taking the shares. We have for years advised sale, not increase, of holdings.

C. H.—(1) Have nothing to do with the so-called corporation, who charge more than the market price for what they sell. See answer to Donegal. (2) Reasonably safe, so far as such things can be with South African mining in its present state.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester the following should go close: Belgrave Hurdle, Macora; Moderate Hurdle, Cherry Nob; March Steeplechase, Medico. At Sandown, these should run well: Aissele Hurdle, Melane; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Veglo; Corinthian Cup, The Longmynd; Warren Hurdle, Reality; Coombe Hurdle, Mistake II.; Sandown Maiden Hurdle, D'Orsay; Grand Military Gold Cup, Leinster; Past and Present Steeplechase, Loop Head; United Service Steeplechase, Pat Cullinan; Imperial Cup, Amersham; Grand Military Steeplechase, Warner; Tally-Ho Steeplechase, Ballinasloe II.; Open Steeplechase, Delgany; Selling Hurdle, Morocco Bound.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Nun." By René Bazin. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"The Pulse of Life." By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. (Heinemann.)—"Tinman." By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock.)

PASCALE MOUVAND feared for herself—

She felt the shock and the trouble when she went out to fetch the milk or the vegetables, when she met, on the stairs, the insolent young men of the Rambaux family, dwellers on the third floor, who, in her honour only, stood aside and raised their caps . . . she felt the attraction, she felt the fear. She dreaded to appear, to be praised, to mix with the crowd, to feel herself coveted, to breathe that breath of passion from the street which all town-dwellers must meet. . . . Her thrills, her curiosity, her uneasiness, revealed its own frailty to her watchful heart. She was alarmed, for this was a religious girl, who prized her own chastity as a treasure. One day she pronounced in her own secret counsels her own sentence: "I believe I should be more easily ruined than other girls. I ought to take refuge."

So she became one of the five nuns of the congregation of St. Hildegarde who lived and worked in Lyons, tending the children, comforting the poor, ministering to the sick, and all went well with her. Then one dread day came the Government order for the breaking up of the Community, and the sisters had to separate. All went their ways, and Pascale's road was to Nimes, there to stay with an aunt and a cousin. Back in the world, the world conquered her in the person of her cousin, and she became his mistress, almost his slave; then broke from him and ran away. In the end he found her again, knocked at the door of the farmhouse in which she was hiding. She went out to him—

Raising her hands over the distant city, she whispered her last broken words: "Miserere mei, Deus." Between her shoulders the knife struck.

Thus she died, a victim, doubtless, Mr. Bazin would say, to that law which has turned women not of the world into the world. That is the theme of the book, and it is excellent. Out of it a great novel might have been made: that novel remains to be written. "The Nun" is good, but it is not great.

"The Pulse of Life" is both fascinating and tantalising—fascinating in its matter, tantalising in its manner. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has a dangerous way of dividing the attention of the reader, of providing one occupation for the right lobe of his brain, another for the left; it is this which makes her work tantalising. Everything else adds to its fascination. The Margravine of Moravia and Francis Domville alternate the rôles of heroine and hero with Anne Leycester and Paul Feyghine: each pair play their parts well, each hold the centre of the stage in turn. Which two of the four are the greater stars must be decided by those who read of their doings—and all should read of them. For the rest, let it be said that the novel is a notable addition to the books of the moment; that it is excellently written; and that its characters are not only alive, but ever ready to assist their creator in her desire for the picturesque, and that deeper thing, the romantic.

Mr. Tom Gallon is in his most melodramatic mood in "Tinman," but his melodrama is good—old Adelphi, not transpontine—and so is welcome. It keeps those who read it in a constant state of tension, wondering what will happen next, and that is uncommon nowadays. Tinman is Charles Avaline. He falls in love madly, and love leads him to the shadow of the gallows. His guardian, Jervis Fanshawe, is under the thumb of Gavin Hockley, and desires to get rid of him. Now Fanshawe, Hockley, and Avaline come under the spell of the same girl, Barbara Patton, but she is forced to marry Lucas Savell. At the Patton's, Fanshawe hears a strange story—

"It came to this, therefore," the doctor was saying, "that this man had a reason for getting rid of two people; and, so far as I can make out (for, of course, you will understand that I cannot give names or dates or places), set about deliberately to compass the death of both. The one man, he determined, should, if possible, be induced to kill the other, and in so doing should of necessity kill himself, in suffering the just penalty of his crime."

And as he listens he decides to follow the same plan. Quietly he sets about his work, rouses one man's jealousy, then the other's, until in momentary madness, stung by a lie about Barbara, Avaline kills the lie by killing the liar. He is tried for murder and is found guilty, but the death sentence is commuted, and in twenty years he is free again. Fanshawe re-enters his life, and tells him that Barbara is dead. Then he learns that there is another Barbara, daughter of the woman he loved, and he sees her living again the life of her mother; there is one, too, as he was. The past comes back to him, and he determines that these two shall not suffer as did those who went before them. Watching over them, he realises that one day the man will do as he did, earn the same penalty. The day comes—

"I 'm going to find Murray Olivant," said the boy between his teeth. "Let me go! . . . I shall go to London to find her," he said slowly. "If he has harmed her, then, by the mother that bore us both, I 'll kill him!"

And the boy goes out to kill. Avaline goes after him, and, to save him, makes up his mind to knife the man himself. He is too late. Another has been before him—

Murray Olivant was there in his own rooms, after all. But he lay stiff and stark, with his face upturned to the ceiling and his dead eyes staring up at me. He was stone dead; his hand still gripped the knife that had been plunged straight into his breast, as though in his death agony he would have torn it out.

For the solution of the mystery, see—"Tinman": we would not spoil sport.

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